

The Musical World.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. COSTA AND THE PHILHARMONIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—As a subscriber to your paper, I have seen your anxiety to discover the cause of Mr. Costa's discontinuing to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts; and since, up to the present time, no very satisfactory reason has been made public, I send you a few facts that I think may account for it. I trust to your tact and judgment to follow up this subject, for the purpose of exposing a system the continuance of which will be most ruinous to the Society itself, as well as to the musical profession.

Since Mr. Costa has been conductor to the Society, it is notorious to the members that he has constantly endeavoured to remedy the defects of the orchestra: it is also well known that, last season, he was particularly dissatisfied with some of its members, and was determined that, this season, those members should be replaced by more efficient performers. Every one connected with the Society is also aware that, when the directors for this season were chosen, these contemplated arrangements were rendered impossible. Besides the above, we all know the disinclination that Mr. Costa has to accept deputies. And now, Sir, let me ask you if it is not a disgrace to a Society like the Philharmonic, that it permits some of its members (even among its present directors) to accept and receive their pay for engagements, from season to season, when it is known they have no intention to attend to perform in the orchestra, and that they pocket three-fourths of the salary paid by the Society to them, by sending poor devils of deputies to fill their places, on whom they liberally bestow the remaining fourth.

I was informed that, this season, the abuses mentioned would be removed, but, to my surprise, at yesterday's rehearsal I found no alteration had been made. This at once confirmed in my mind my previous impressions as to the reasons that had caused the non-acceptance of the engagement offered to the late conductor. I know it is the intention of many of the members to bring the facts I forward you before the General Meeting of the Society; but this, unfortunately, will not be until the concerts are over. Believing the above may be valuable to you, I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A MEMBER OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

London, March 11, 1855.

THE AMATEUR SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your criticism on the last concert is incorrect in two particulars. You say—"Mrs. Tennent sang Mr. Waley's clever song smoothly; Mr. Tennent that of Mr. Benedict not quite so well; and Verdi's duet might have gone a great deal better."

Now Mr. Tennent was too hoarse to attempt Benedict's song (a favourite with Mario), and omitted it; while Verdi's duet was *encored*!

Where was your reporter between the symphony of Beethoven and the overture of Weber? I think I could tell you, if I felt inclined. Really you should admonish the gentlemen of your staff to be more particular in future. When they find a concert prolix, or uninteresting—*per Bacco*!—let them go, but at the same time refrain from criticizing what they do not hear. I am, Sir,

AN AMATEUR.

[We have referred "An Amateur's" letter to our Reporter, who has favoured us with the following in answer:—"SIR:—Mr. Tennent was too hoarse to sing the quiet song of Mr. Benedict, and could yet go twice through the noisy duet of Verdi. In saying the duet might have gone better, I meant that it would have been

better sang once than twice, and better not at all than once (especially at concerts, where "selections" from operas, with cornet and other solos, are now considered not sufficiently classical). In saying that Mr. Benedict's song did not go so well, I meant that it would have been better sung once than not at all, and better twice than once. My chief purpose was to set forth my comparative estimation of the two compositions, both of which I knew very well. I fear, however, "An Amateur" is not acute enough to understand irony, and recommend him to study Mr. Sobolewski's *Reactionary Letters*.—YOUR REPORTER." We think our Reporter has made a pretty good case of it. Had he not explained himself so satisfactorily we should have dismissed him, and (*per Bacco*) he would then have lost the remaining concerts of the Amateur Society.—ED. M. W.]

MAD. PLEYEL, having concluded her provincial tour with M. Jullien, in which she has met with the most brilliant success, has returned to Brussels.

JENNY LIND has been singing at Amsterdam with great success. The Dutch ladies are in an unwonted state of excitement about the "Swedish Nightingale." Her husband, Herr Otto Goldschmidt, has also played some of his pianoforte compositions at the concerts.

MADAME BOSIO is engaged for next season, at the Opera at St. Petersburg.

MR. COPLEY FIELDING, the distinguished artist, and president of the Water-Colour Society, died on Saturday last, at his residence at Worthing, aged sixty-eight.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI IN LA JUVIE.—It may be easily understood how such a character as that of Rachel in *The Jewess* should have enticed Mdle. Cruvelli, more especially in the penury of good parts to which the vagaries and mistaken policy of the Opéra have subjected her. Here, indeed, things are managed in a very different manner from that adopted at the Italian Opéra. There are never in the *répertoire* more than a limited number of set pieces, and since her *début* at the Académie Impériale de Musique, this is only the fourth part which has been entrusted to the celebrated *cantatrice* (the others being Valentine, the Vestal, and Alice), who formerly, at the Ventadour, during a campaign of five or six months, was in the habit of appearing in eight or ten operas at least. At last, Mdle. Cruvelli has lent the sculptural beauty of her physiognomy, the profound dramatic sentiment of her acting, and the incomparable brilliancy (*éclat*) of her voice, to the griefs and misfortunes of Rachel. It is singular enough that she should have charmed us beyond measure in passages of grace and tenderness, giving utterance, on several occasions, to accents of the most touching simplicity and perfect nature. We must admit, however, that the secret of her influence on the masses principally resides in effects of energy and force. Thus, in the trio of the anathema, in the second act, and in the *finale* of the third, she exercises a unanimous and irresistible spell over the entire audience, while she pleased ourselves individually still more in certain phrases of the second duet with Leopold, and of the duet with Eudoxia. The more impulsive efforts of Mdle. Cruvelli, moreover, would gain by uniformity, and if either her conception or execution of the part of Rachel be open to criticism it is on this head alone. To conclude, however, it is a new triumph for the eminent *artiste*.—*Le Ménestrel*.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. X.

(Continued from page 147.)

It is Christmas. We are curious to learn whether Mother Brendel (Editor of the *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*) will not present us with another Christmas doll.

The old lady has always proved herself a very friendly mother, not like many women, who are doves only in a *l'été-à-tête*, but hyenas at home and peacocks out of doors; she was always kind to our children, and was always making us some fresh present or other.

First it was Richard Schumann, then Richard Wagner. Who it is to be this time, we do not, up to the present date, 24th December, know.

She is a good, affectionate mother. She is aware that children are not long contented with one and the same toy, and is, therefore, not angry when they bury their old doll. Oh! she is so good that she even buries it herself, in order more completely to enjoy the pleasure caused by the new one.

Mamma Brendel is a woman of the old stamp, somewhat egotistical, and, like most of her sex, complaining least of the pain we suffer through her, for which reason she always sticks to the *Knecht Ruprecht*,* and frightens us children with him.

It is true that he must not openly be so named. The *u* in his name is turned into an *a*, the *piano* becomes a *fortissimo*, and the last syllable is omitted, so that the name sounds almost like Raff, but yet it is still old Ruprecht, as surly as a bear with a sore head. We are greatly inclined to believe that even she herself is somewhat afraid of him.

If she is, indeed, afraid of him, he is the only one who can produce such a feeling in her breast. She is a clever woman, and a cosmopolitan, well aware that in Europe it is sometimes birth which makes talent, but in eastern countries always place. It is for this reason that, to amuse herself as well as us, she has a few Joshes, who invariably say "Yes," and look as wise as if all the wisdom in the world were lodged behind their smooth foreheads.

When Mamma Brendel says: "Just look at this book which is locked," the Josh replies: "Yes."

"Are not its contents beautiful?"—"Yes."
"It is quite superfluous for you to look inside, is not it?"—"Yes."

We children are astonished at the varied and great knowledge of this amiably affirmative individual, and are only afraid it may get broken.

She also patronises puppets for her own and our amusement.

It is remarkable what a memory a puppet has got. If you leave him quiet a whole week, and then pull the strings again, he will repeat, without fail, his old lesson, and work away with his arms and legs in exactly the same fashion as he did a week before, just as when Kellermann the Cello King plays variations on the Mazurka for the hundredth and tenth time.

But how it comes to pass that the kind old lady, with her plump, rosy cheeks; her sly, simple, laughing eyes; her continual state of ecstasy; her "Beautiful!" pronounced from the inmost recesses of her soul—how it comes to pass that she assists her children in the destruction of the old dolls, was never quite clear to us, until we at last suddenly thought of the dealers in dolls.

These gentlemen, Herren Breitkopf and Härtel, we feel assured, thought some little time ago: "Schumann is, by this time, able to get on by himself, without a doubt—but we have got a lot of paper covered over with this Wagner's works, which weigh down the counter like so much lead; it would not be such a bad job if we could get rid of them."

"Some persons were of opinion that *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* deserved a better fate than to moulder away on dusty shelves, but *Der fliegende Holländer*—"

"People must be told that they cannot understand Wagner's

last opera unless they hear his first; the line of connection must be rigorously respected; and the manager who does not begin at the beginning will have only himself to blame if the public does not manifest a sufficient amount of interest."

Hereupon Liszt wrote a dithyrambus, and all the Joshes nodded, and the puppets jerked their legs and arms, and *Knecht Ruprecht* appeared like a thunderbolt among them, and the locomotive moved forward.

But there was not sufficient fire, and the locomotive came to a standstill. What was to be done? It appeared necessary that Liszt—

"No—no—we must spare him for future need. His pen must not be worn away; it must retain its splendour equal to the light of seven suns—Wagner, however—for instance, a public letter—"

"Public letters have lately become the fashion, but, as far as we know, musicians have not yet written any; a public letter, therefore, in Brendel's paper, will be the thing. We can shortly afterwards publish it in a separate form, because we shall presume people are so anxious to see it, that the mere newspaper press will not be able to satisfy them."

In addition to this, we must see that one or two papers have articles against Wagner, which we shall, of course, answer. We must seize on everything that comes within our reach. A report, in the *Süddeutsche Musikzeitung*, from Königsberg, contains a few words about Wagner. We will print the whole article ourselves, and then refute it. We must not allow the fire to go out."

Does art then need means like these to be appreciated? Unfortunately, it does.

Had Liszt not written about Wagner, and taken such an interest in him, his works would, after being performed in Dresden, where he was *Capellmeister*, have quietly been consigned to the moths.

But are Wagner's works worth propagating?

Most certainly they are, but that is no reason why everything else should be destroyed.

Is Schumann's fate a just one? The *Signale* hints that he was allowed to die in Leipzig, in order that Wagner alone might live.

No, no! Had these two musicians been painters, we should have said of a picture by Wagner: "Ah! very imposing! What lively colouring! What a moving, beautiful expression, the principal figure there has! What a pity that the drawing is incorrect in one place, while in another the shadows are too deep, and the colours badly mixed! What a pity. In spite of certain very beautiful details, the picture, as a whole, strikes one as being unfinished."

We should then turn to the other picture. It is by Schumann. Many persons pass by without noticing it. It does not at first attract attention. You must seek out its beauties. It appears, too, that some persons really do seek them out, for they cannot tear themselves away, but stay looking at the picture longer and longer, while an expression of heavenly enjoyment sparkles in their eyes. Everything is finished—perfect. None of the shadows are too deep—the outlines are simple and classic—the drawing faultless. It strikes the beholder as being perfection itself, and we cannot prevent our thoughts constantly recurring to the delicate, ethereal Peri, and the gentle Rose, with its human feelings and pilgrimage.

We, too, will devote a little attention to this favourite of Apollo, and leave Wagner for a time. The *Leipziger* still takes care of Wagner; the Joshes still nod; and the puppets, likewise, do their best; he is still the new doll of that most amiable but changeable child—called the Public.

DOVER.—The fourteenth concert of the Catch Club, which took place on Thursday evening, brought to a conclusion a most prosperous season. Mr. G. Genge, Mr. C. Lowick, and Mr. E. Williams, were vocalists. The hall was filled, about 150 ladies being present. In the course of the evening, Mr. W. H. Browning played a solo on the cornet, the orchestra performing the overtures to the *Barber of Seville* and *La Bayadère*. Mr. J. Birmingham occupied the chair.

* *Knecht Ruprecht* is the German equivalent for *Bogey*.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEVER did a greater crowd besiege the doors of the Académie Impériale de Musique, and never did the Grand-Opéra contain within its walls a more distinguished, or more numerous audience, than on Monday week. All that Paris possesses of celebrated, refined, and elegant, in the worlds of art, literature, and fashion, was assembled. The heroine of the evening was Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, and the opera one which is full of opportunities for the display of her powers as a singer and an actress. Now that she is so soon to leave the stage for ever, the public excitement in Paris with regard to Mdlle. Cruvelli has reached fever heat; and she meets with receptions, night after night, such as the "oldest inhabitant" cannot remember—and it would be strange indeed were it otherwise. Scarce five-and-twenty years of age; with a commanding and graceful figure; an expressive and lovely face; replete with intelligence and genius; with a compass and freshness of voice that have seldom been equalled, never surpassed; with powers as a comedian, which even the gifted Marie Cabel herself might envy, and force as a tragedian, second to Rachel alone, Mdlle. Cruvelli has exhausted the whole range of the lyric drama, ancient and modern, from Beethoven to Verdi. Her *Leonora* in *Fidelio*; her *Donna Anna* and *Elvira* in *Don Giovanni*; her *Cherubino* and *Countess* in the *Nozze di Figaro* (I may add *Susanna* and *Zerlina*, since she has played both); her *Amina*, *Norma*, *Rosina*, *Julie* (*Vestale*), *Odabella* (*Attila*), *Elvira* (*Ernani*), *Florinda* (*Thalberg*), *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Desdemona*, *Lucia*, *Anna Bolena*, *Erminie* (*Quatre Fils d'Aymon*), *Ninetta*, *Alice*, *Valentine*, and others, too numerous to mention, are proofs of the constant successes which have marked her career; and if ever there existed a dramatic singer, with the stamp of genius impressed on all she undertakes, Mdlle. Cruvelli may surely lay claim to that distinction. During the last five years she has studied hard, and to good purpose. She has softened and toned down many crudities and asperities, she has given breadth to her style and softness to her expression, and she now remains (Grisi having left the stage) without a competitor in any style, except that incomparably pure and finished vocalist, Marietta Alboni.

I fear the part of Rachel in the *Juive* is the "anti-penultimate" of Mdlle. Cruvelli's new impersonations. In Verdi's forthcoming opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, we shall, probably, see her last "creation." At present there seems little chance of her place being filled up, but let us hope for the best. Meanwhile, I must give you an account of the *reprise* of *La Juive*, at the great national (Imperial) establishment in the Rue Lepelletier. Of the opera I need say nothing, as you have heard it here and everywhere on the Continent; you have seen it in London under every shape and form, with and without the music. The part of Rachel was originally written for Mdlle. Falcon, and was one of her most famous creations. It was afterwards sustained by Madame Stoltz, whose fine dramatic genius was exhibited to the highest advantage. Since then, Mdlle. Nathan, Madame Heinefetter, and a host of others, have achieved more or less success in the opera, which is generally played at least once in every year. Mdlle. Cruvelli has cast aside all the "traditions" of the theatre, and has refused to be bound hand and foot by the dicta of stage-managers. Mdlle. Falcon did this and Madame Stoltz that; Mdlle. Nathan sang a certain passage in such a manner, Madame Heinefetter in a manner directly opposite, etc., etc.; but Mdlle. Cruvelli, without caring for any of them, has gone straight to the source, has studied the character for herself, has repeated what she did with regard to the *Huguenots*, and produced a fresh, original, and true "creation." On the first night, she was somewhat too energetic, and displayed too much of that peculiar force which is so remarkable a characteristic of her style. Unlike the majority of timorous *débütantes*, who hesitate and doubt, who venture with fear and trembling on a new part, and never feel themselves at home, until encouraged by applause and the expression of public feeling, Mdlle. Cruvelli takes counsel of herself, studies her part with enthusiasm, and sometimes in the passion of the scene oversteps the bounds

which art has set to nature. For myself, I readily pardon this defect, which springs from exuberance of feeling, from original conception of thought, from genius, indeed, and intellect. It is a fault which she possesses in common with Rachel, which was charged as a defect in Malibran, and which, as M. P. A. Fiorentini significantly hints, she does not possess in common with the tribe of pretty young ladies who curtsy to and ogle the public, fancying they are actresses, when they are mere puppets and toys, devoid alike of intelligence and thought, drilled and tutored like so many bullfinches. In the celebrated air, "*Il va venir*," Mdlle. Cruvelli portrayed, with overpowering force, the remorse and fear of the maiden about to fall, and the sadness which urges her to her unhappy fate. In the malediction—

"Anathème, anathème,

Et que Dieu qu'il blasphème

Le maudisse à jamais!"—

she electrified the audience, who recalled her, amidst the loudest and most genuine marks of approbation. In the fourth act, in the duet with Eudoxia, and the short scene with the Cardinal, she was calm, dignified, and resigned, and with her rich and mellow *contralto* tones gave full meaning to the words "*Ma tête tombera*;" and in the concluding scene, when she sees the stake and the preparations for death, a shudder ran through the house at the effect she produced with the words, "*Ah, mon père, j'ai peur*." She was recalled three times during and at the end of the opera. M. Gueymard was successful as the Jew; but, in the curing scene, he attempted to force his voice too much, which resulted in three successive "coughs." He has since profited by experience, and succeeds better. Mdlle. Dussy was charming as Eudoxia, but illness has compelled her to cede the part to Mdlle. Pouilly, who is by no means so good. The Emperor and Empress were present on Monday. The *Juive* will be played three times a week until further notice, and, up to the present time, the receipts have been limited by the size of the house only.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique a pleasant little pastoral, called *Les Charmeurs*, the music by M. Ferdinand Poise, has been produced with well-merited success. It is very well sung by MM. Achard and Grignon, and Mdlles. Meillet and Vade. Madame Guze-Curbale, who has lately been engaged at this theatre, appeared in the *Bijou Perdu* on Monday. She had a somewhat hard task before her, having to contend against the music of M. Adam, "of the Institute," and with the recollection of the freshness, gaiety and grace, the delicate embroideries and original colouring which Marie Cabel, vine-like, twined round, and wherewith she festooned and covered the bare and naked poles of M. Adam aforesaid. I regret to say that the lady made a *fiasco*, and is not likely to appear again; at all events in this part; but, you may be sure, that "*Les Fraises*" will never have the same success from other lips than those enticing ones of the charming "Queen of the Boulevards."

The Porte St.-Martin has made a hit with a new drama, entitled *Les Noces Vénitiennes*. This is of the regular Porte St.-Martin stamp, with the approved ruffian, the injured fair one, the despairing lover, and the ordinary low comedian. The author has drawn on his imagination largely, and his history, locality, politics, manners, customs, and dialogue, have not the remotest connection with Venice. He has determined to interest his public without caring to instruct them; and, it is but truth to say, he has succeeded, since the piece is full of "interesting situations" and "stirring events." The principal parts are played by M. Ligier (from the Français) and Mdlle. Guyon, and the author has good reason to thank both artists for the intelligence and ability they display. The *mise-en-scène* is superb, and the manager, M. Marc Fournier, himself a dramatist of ability, is likely to reap a golden harvest.

The Opéra-Comique is on the tiptoe of expectation, anxiously waiting for two new songs which Meyerbeer has added to the *Etoile du Nord*, and which all Paris is longing to hear. That opera, as you know, has been produced at Dresden, under the immediate direction of Meyerbeer himself. So delighted was the great composer with the talent displayed by the tenor Titchatscheck, in the part of Danilowitz, that he composed two new airs entirely for him, the first being a *polonaise* introduced into the first act, the second a song interpolated in the third.

We shall probably hear of Mr. Smith, of Drury Lane, writing again to the great *maestro*, offering him a sum of money for a copy of these compositions; and, if informed by M. Meyerbeer that he cannot supply, and has otherwise disposed of them, Mr. Smith will smuggle them into Drury Lane through a back-door, "as he has a right to do." The idea of offering £500, and supposing it would induce a man of Meyerbeer's fortune, and in Meyerbeer's position, to superintend Mr. Smith's orchestra, and bring out one of his operas—Smith *duce et sub auspice* Smith—is both sublime and ridiculous.

An American friend of mine has lately received a letter from the other side of the Atlantic, with a long account of a series of concerts given at Buffalo by a tribe of Red Indians. The troop consists of a number of horn-players and chorus-singers, and they are attired in all the pomp and majesty of feathers and war-paint. These *virtuosi* threaten a visit to Europe during the approaching Exposition; and we shall soon have an opportunity of judging of their art, essentially primitive. He also hears that the director of a troop of Italian artists engaged for New York, had contemplated (unfortunate idea!) journeying to San Francisco, and delighting the diggers with Italian music, while the theatre was being prepared at the capital of the "Empire State," and the engagements made in Europe, which were necessary to complete his company. Unfortunately, also, he had great success at the chief town of the "diggins," and the connoisseurs made such fabulous offers to his *troupe*, that they have remained *en masse*, and the manager has returned to New York disconsolate and alone.

The 9th and 32nd regiments of the line have just left Paris for Toulon, *en route* for the seat of war; the 32nd quitting the capital on Tuesday, and the 9th on Wednesday. Each of the regiments was preceded by a splendid band, which, unlike those attached to your glorious infantry and cavalry, carries its instruments into the field, and does not remain mute at the very time its joyous strains are most required to rouse and cheer. I will answer for it, that "Garry Owen," "Annie Laurie," etc., would instil fresh life into men wearied at the trenches, and sick of the constantly returning delicacies of raw pork and green coffee. Indeed, it appears from the evidence taken before the House of Commons that, though your bands were mute, the French were heard daily; and that the English soldiers constantly wander over to the French lines, to get within sound of the spirit-stirring drum, and the merry bugle-horn. This should not be. Your military bands are good, perhaps they are too good to be sent, but you should have music for the working time as well as for the holidays. The magnificent band of the *Guides* which you heard in London, is also under orders for the Crimea, and all those engaged in orchestras, etc., have been obliged to throw up their engagements. Your historian, Napier, describes how the gallant 92nd Highlanders, with colours flying and music playing, directly after a repulse, decided the fate of the day at the Battle of St. Pierre. "This," says he, "is to understand war: the man who in such a moment thought of military pomp, was by nature a soldier." I trust that the gallant British army at Sebastopol will now be regaled with the sound of their own native melodies, which will cheer their hearts, invigorate their wasted frames, and remind them of those "over the hills and far away," who watch over, admire, and adore their courage, resolution, and manly determination.

SYDNEY.—On Monday night the performances at the Royal Victoria Theatre consisted of *The School for Scandal*, with *Raymond* and *Agnes*. On Tuesday Miska Hauser, the Hungarian violinist, gave his second concert, assisted by Mad. Sara Flower, Mrs. Guerin, Mrs. H. T. Craven, and the Messrs. Howson. On Wednesday, *Charles the Second* was performed, followed by *Old and Young*; or, *the Four Mowbrays*, and *Raymond* and *Agnes*. On Thursday, *the School for Scandal*, and *The Rifle Corps*. Yesterday Eugene Aram, *Charles the Second*, and *The Rifle Corps*. To-night (Saturday) Miska Hauser gives a third concert, under the patronage of the Governor-General.—*Sydney Herald*, 25th Nov., 1854.

SALZBURG.—Herr Lindpaintner's *Vampyr* has been produced with decided success.

BRUSSELS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

M. FÉTIS, the able and intelligent head of the Conservatoire at Brussels, who has done so much for art and artists in Belgium, lately announced a series of four historical concerts, to be held in the Concert Room of the Rue Ducale, at the first of which I assisted last Saturday. The music was that of the sixteenth century, and M. Fétis commenced operations by giving a rapid sketch of the history of music in Europe at a period anterior to that which was to be illustrated. Antiquity, said he, has left us no models, and when light commenced to dawn on the darkness of the Middle Ages, no tradition had been handed down, or could be borrowed from ancient Greece and Rome; it was from the East, and after the Crusades, that music was imported into Europe. The first composers were the Troubadours of Provence, then the *Trouvères* of the North and of Flanders, after them the *Minnesingers* of Germany. Their strains were, however, but meagre when compared with the music which immediately followed them. They were little else than melodies, adapted to historic ballads, or love-lorn songs, the only accompaniment being that which the rebeck afforded to sustain the voice. Then followed an innovator, a man of genius, who created harmony, and laid the foundation of all modern music. Song was for awhile forgotten, but ended in being indissolubly linked to harmony, its rival; and it was the sixteenth century which witnessed their happy union. Such is the sketch of a most interesting discourse which led up to the music; and M. Fétis then introduced us to a chorus unaccompanied, which he said formed the starting point for the composers of the sixteenth century. The author is unknown; the music itself was sung by members of various religious bodies before the statues of the Virgin, erected at the corners of the streets in Florence. The melody is sweet and full of religious sentiment; the harmony simple, but chaste and elegant. This was followed by the "Kyrie" from the mass of Josquin Després, called "La Sol-Fa-Re-Mi." Josquin was a Fleming, and very famous in his day; indeed, he was the most popular composer of his time. Bains, in his work on Palestrina, says, "Josquin Després became in a short time the idol of Europe. Nothing was listened to but Josquin; nothing endured which Josquin had not written. In Germany, Italy, France; in Flanders, Hungary, Bohemia, and Spain, Josquin's music was the rage among high and low, rich and poor." Modern criticism has not ratified the verdict of the *cognoscenti* of the sixteenth century, and while Palestrina lives, honoured and admired, poor Josquin Després has become dust and mere dry bones. The "Kyrie" is by no means likely to resuscitate him, being more curious than harmonious, more *recherché* than admirable. An "Ave-Maria" for six voices unaccompanied, was next on the list. The composer was Nicolas Gombert, *Maître de Chapelle* to Charles V., and also Flemish. M. Fétis has been fortunate enough to discover the manuscript, and the sentiment of the music is fine and noble. It is really a remarkable specimen for the sixteenth century; and it would probably be difficult in the whole range of the church music of that period to find a composition more thoroughly imbued with religious feeling, more simple, more graceful, or more inexpressibly tender. It was well sung, and produced a marked impression. The "Salve Regina" of Palestrina concluded the first part of the concert, which was entirely devoted to church music.

The second part contained examples of the chamber or concert music of the sixteenth century. The concerts of that date had little in common with those of the present time. No Exeter or St. Martin's Hall, with their orchestra and chorus of 700 performers; no Hanover-square or Willis's Rooms, with their *parterre* of lovely faces, pretty bonnets, and gay dresses; no Jullien, with his magic wand, controlling and delighting thousands of admiring and appreciating spectators. A concert then had neither full orchestra nor vocal masses, neither a paying public nor a host of paid professional artists. It was simply got up after dinner or supper, as the case might be, among the company present, with the lute, the viol, or the rebeck, for accompaniment. A *vilanella* for four voices, by Balhazar Donati, was the first piece. The *vilanella* was essentially Neapolitan, for in those days not only each country, but even each province, had its peculiar song, its particular melody. This *vilanella* is full of movement and warmth, a true representation of what music should be, when composed at the foot of Vesuvius, and under the rays of a Neapolitan sun. As Naples had its *vilanella*, Venice possessed its *frottola*, and a specimen, composed by Marco Carra, in the year 1504, was next presented. It is a Bacchic song, redolent of wine, of mirth, and jollity, and the audience were so transported by the spirited manner in which it was given, that M. Fétis, to prevent their insisting on an encore, was obliged to plead the length of the programme, and the fatiguing part he had himself to play. And

now comes a taste of English quality, in an instrumental piece for spinet or virginal, by William Bird, composer and organist to our "good Queen Bess." M. Lemmeus, also a composer and organist (Belgian), executed this *morceau* on a spinet constructed after the fashion of those of our forefathers. M. Fétis prepared his audience by informing them that the sound of the instrument was decidedly inferior to that of a pianoforte of Broadwood or Erard, but the audience were hardly prepared for the meagreness and thinness of tone which issued from the chords.

The mechanical difficulties of this extract from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book are considerable, and would puzzle many a modern pianist; M. Lemmeus, however, did justice to the work of one of the earliest composers of whom England has to boast, and who was the most skilful organist of his day. This was followed by a "Romantic Madrigal" of Lassus, Lasso, or Delattre—for he was known by each of these names. Lasso was the creator of a new species of song, in which one voice detached itself from the others, to sing the melody, while the rest answered in chorus. "This," says M. Fétis, "is a poetical as well as a musical idea, since the solo voice personifies nature, and the chorus humanity." The next piece was a "Sentimental Dialogue," for violin, violas, violoncellos, and double basses, the work of one Schütz, a German. A pleasing theme for the violin is responded to by the other instruments, and the whole possesses a certain agreeable freshness. The violin was played by M. Leonard with a precision, delicacy, and taste that must have charmed the ghost of the defunct Schütz, if he listened from his mansion in the other world to the strains of his own music, thus, as it were, resuscitated. The second part concluded with a Spanish song for six female voices, composed by Soto de Puebla, court-musician to Philip the Second. M. Fétis introduced this by remarking how little the modern music of Spain differed from that of olden time. The Arab melodies are preserved, well nigh without alteration, in all the national airs of those provinces subjugated by the Moor. Soto de Puebla's song, the words of which embody an appeal to arms, though somewhat rude in style, is written with energy: now that the clash of arms resounds through the length and breadth of Europe, it appealed to the sympathies of all hearers, whether valiant Frenchmen, lion-hearted English, savage Russians, or "brave Belgians." As Mr. Russell said eloquently—"The light of battle was on their faces."*

The third part was devoted to dance music, and M. Fétis prepared his hearers by a short discourse, not only on the music but on the character of the dance of the sixteenth century. The *Pavane* differs from the Polka, the Waltz from the stately *March*, rather than dance, in which the fair and noble dames of the sixteenth century took delight. In a *Pavane* by Jointot Arbeau, the voices intermingle with the violas and hautboys, in the solemn music to the sound of which our ancestors swept round the hall with measured promenade and courtly step. A *Romanesca* for the violin accompanied by various instruments, is much more than mere dance music, though the author's name has not come down to us. It bears the stamp of genius. M. Leonard again distinguished himself, and proved himself an accomplished fiddler. The *basses danses* of the Court of France, of the date of Catherine de Medici, which are graceful and replete with melody, were much applauded. The *Branles de Poitou*, and the *mascarade* airs of the *Enfants Fourrés de Malice*, formerly played in the streets of Paris on the night of Saint Julien, brought the concert to an end effectively. These popular dances make up in animation and bustle for the gravity and decorum which pervade the more stately and aristocratic measures. Thus terminated an entertainment at once remarkable and successful, in which there was no failure, and which contained much that was instructive both for amateurs and artists. All schools were represented—sacred, profane, and popular; Italian, French, English, Flemish, Spanish, and German. The short preludes by M. Fétis, and his explanations of the history and character of the pieces, were terse, pointed, and to the purpose. He was ably assisted by MM. Leonard, Lemmeus, and other instrumentalists; and in the vocal part by MM. Goossens, Cornelia, Tasson, and Warnots; Mesdmes. Sherrington, De Ayssa, Bernaerdt, Mantel, and Martin—professors or pupils at the Conservatoire. The lutes, viols, spinet, etc., were manufactured expressly for him, on the models of those of the sixteenth century. The profits of the concert are to be given to the poor, who in this fearfully prolonged winter are undergoing unheard-of hardships. Three other concerts will complete the course, and I will send you an account of them as they occur.

* Alluding to the English soldiers at the Battle of Inkermann.

BARCELONA.—Mdlle. Alboni has created a great sensation as Anna Bolena. *La Fille du Régiment* is in active preparation, for the same distinguished artist.

BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the Royal Operahouse, Weber's *Oberon* has been given, with Herr Pfister in the place of Herr Theodor Formes, who has not yet returned from his provincial tour. The dialogue has been judiciously "cut;" to this we cannot object, but we protest against the omission of the trio for Huon, Scherasmin, and Fatima, in the third act. This is an unwarrantable liberty to take with Weber.

The second concert for Bock's Specialstiftung, was given in the Theatre Royal. The King and Prince George were present. Herr Wiprecht, band-master of the Gardes-du-Corps Regiment, was the conductor. The principal "band" pieces were Graf Redern's "Fackeltanz," the "Coronation March" from *Le Prophète*, and Tschirch's "Hubertusjagd." The Militär-Sängergesang sang military songs, by Herr Neithardt, under the direction of Herr Cristoph, who deserves praise for the efficient state to which he has brought his pupils. The quartet from Herr Dorn's opera of *Die Nibelungen*, sung by Herr v. d. Osten and three members of the Königl. Domchor was much applauded. The concert was well attended. At the last Sinfonie-Soirée but one of the present season, we had a symphony in D major by Haydn, Mozart's in G minor, and Beethoven's overture to *Leonore*, and the *Namensfeier*, Op. 115, which is seldom played here, and was new to the majority of the audience. A concert has been given for the purpose of providing a young violinist, Herr Rehfeld, pupil of Herr Grünwald, with funds to prosecute his studies. The playing of this gentleman is full of promise, and, the proceeds of the concert having been considerable, he will have the means of seriously applying himself to study. Mesdmes. Westerstrand, Leonie Peters de Vattelette, the harpist, and the members of the Königl. Musikklasse, under the direction of Herr Radecke, gave their services.

On the announcement of the death of the Emperor Nicholas, the theatres were closed on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

Miss Arabella Goddard is the *lionne* of our musical circles. Every one is talking of her. When two musicians meet, you may be sure that the first question is, "Nun, haben sie Miss Goddard neulich gehört?" ("Did you hear Miss Goddard the other night?") to which the answer is generally the short but expressive phrase, "Und ob!" (which may be Englished, "Rather!") Subjoined I forward you an extract from Herr Rellstab's account of her concert. The italics are his own.

"The necessity of being present at the Opera, unfortunately prevented the writer from hearing more than a small part of Miss Goddard's concert. In the case of so distinguished an artist as Miss Arabella Goddard, each piece we do not hear is a great loss. We found all the musically educated part of the audience still quite excited with her masterly playing, especially her execution of Mendelssohn's trio. For us, the concert began with Beethoven's romance, performed by Concertmeister Leopold Ganz. This was followed by two songs sung by Mdlle. Agnes Büry, Meyerbeer's 'Maiden,' and 'Wo ich geh', who ich steh', both sung with great freshness. From the *bénéficiaire* herself—since Beethoven's sonata, with violoncello accompaniment, was omitted—we had only the concluding piece, Händel's variations, which the fair artist again played so charmingly, and with such beauty and tenderness of expression, as to give her performance the true stamp of masterly perfection. It is not the *what* but the *how*, that is the highest step in all artistic efforts, and merits the first prize, to which, in this instance, Miss Goddard had the most indisputable right. The delicate finish, the equality, the even *crescendo* and *decrescendo* of her flights in this piece, between the two opposite extremes of *fortissimo* and *pianissimo*, are as wonderful for their technical execution, as for a certain irresistible charm inherent to the simplicity of the composition. The public burst out into such a storm of applause, that the artist could not avoid understanding their wish for her to satisfy them by the addition of an extra piece. She accordingly played one, named the 'Cascade,' by Pauer. This was no thundering cataract but a silvery-light and gently-murmuring one, cradling us in sweet spring-like dreams. All dreams end, however, with our being disagreeably awakened; the same was true of this one, with which the concert was brought to a conclusion."

To this I have nothing to add, since Herr Rellstab's authority is much greater than mine can pretend to be.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the Imperial Operahouse, nearly all the principal artists, male and female, have been ill, the names of the invalids, according to the fashion here, being announced in the bills of the day.

A performance has been given in the rooms of the Musikverein of Herr Hager's oratorio, *Johannes der Täufer* (*John the Baptist*). The solo parts were sustained by Mesdames Emilie Krall, Therese Schwarz, Herren Erl and Staudigl. The orchestra was under the direction of Herr Josef Hellmesburger. The room was crowded. A concert was given in the same locale by Mdle. Emma Staudach. The most interesting feature of the evening was a concerto by J. S. Bach for three pianos, with accompaniment of stringed instruments. The vocalists were a Herr Rossi and Mdle. Bogya. Herr Asmayer has resigned his post as principal of the Society for the Support of the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Musicians, and is succeeded by Herr Randhartinger, *Vicehof-capellmeister*. Herr Josef Hellmesburger has been appointed second conductor at the piano. Herr Rubinstein is here, and intends giving a performance of some of his newest works.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

COLOGNE.—Two young lady-violinists, sisters, Virginia and Carolina Ferni, from Como, have been playing here, and by the few who heard them—for their concerts were not well attended—are much praised.

BRESCIA.—Mad. Clara Schumann and Herr Joachim are shortly expected. Roger played George Brown, in *La Dame Blanche*, on his return from Cracow. The house was crammed.

HANOVER.—The Brothers Wieniawski played at the Sixth Subscription Concert, and were well received. Herr Julius Schulhoff gave a concert, exceedingly well attended. *Stradella* has been revived. This city appears lately to have been a regular place of rendezvous for musical celebrities. On one day, for instance, we had Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, Mad. Clara Schumann, the Brothers Wieniawski, Herr Julius Schulhoff, besides Herr Joachim, who may be said to be a "native."

MANNHEIM.—The new theatre was opened on the 11th February with *Die Zauberkiste*. The Prince Regent was especially requested to be present on the occasion. On the following day, his Royal Highness sent for Herr Lachner, capellmeister, and Herr Mühldorfer, scene-painter, and bestowed upon each of these gentlemen the cross of the Order of the Zähringer Löwe.

HAMBURG.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha's opera of *Santa Chiara*, has been successful. On the 26th ult., Herr F. von Roda produced his new oratorio of *Der Sünder*, in the Petrikirche.

GOtha.—Mdle. Anna Zerr has appeared, with great success, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

MUNICH.—A statue of Beethoven has just been completed by the American artist, Mr. Cranford, the same who modelled the statue of Washington for the great national monument of that celebrated man. Between the hands of the statue, which are folded, is a stylus and note-book, in which are the words, "*Freude schöner Götter, Funke*."

BRUNSWICK.—Abt's Singacademie have given a performance of Herr Robert Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri*. The female solo parts were taken by *dilettante*. Signor Bazzini, the violinist, gave a concert lately, which was badly attended. Verdi's *Il Trovatore* will be shortly produced.

RIO DE JANEIRO.—(Extract from a letter, dated 30th November, 1854.)—The theatre is going on very well. In spite of the endless cabals carried on both within and without its walls, it is filled every evening, and most of the artists are popular. The day after to-morrow, *Robert le Diable* will be produced for the first time, in honour of the Emperor's birthday. It has hitherto been considered impossible to perform this complicated work, and it was reserved for the energy of the manager, Signor Barbieri, to conquer every obstacle.

PARIS.—The theatre was burnt to the ground, on Wednesday week, at seven o'clock in the morning. Decorations, costumes, library, scores, everything, indeed, has been destroyed. The cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained. The building in front of the theatre, which consisted of a concert-room, and contained a fine collection of ancient operas, church music, and musical instruments, was fortunately preserved.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent).—The Eighth Classical Chamber Concert was given at the Town Hall, on Thursday the 8th instant. The following was the programme:

PART FIRST.—Quartet (D minor, No. 2), Mozart; Solo, violoncello, Piatti; Posthumous Quartet (Andante and Scherzo, Op. 81.), Mendelssohn.—PART SECOND.—Septet (Op. 20), Beethoven; Solo, violin, Sinton.

Mozart's quartet made a capital opening to the last concert of the present season. Messrs. Sinton, Carrodus, Baetens, and Piatti were the executants. The minuet and trio were encored. Signor Piatti's solo on the barcarolle from *Marino Faliero* was a wonderful display of mechanical dexterity. The relief left by the gifted Mendelssohn, which concluded the first part (from the unfinished quartet, Op. 81), was in the same hands as Mozart's quartet, and admirably rendered. The poor tuner met with a sad accident, in arranging the platform for Beethoven's septet. He was moving the grand pianoforte, when he slipped from the platform, and the small end of the instrument fell on his leg, which was badly crushed; and he had to be carried home in a cab. In Beethoven's septet, the executants were M. Sinton (violin), Mr. Baetens (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Mr. Waud (contrabasso), Herr Grosse (clarinet), Mr. Chisholm (bassoon), and Mr. Edwards (horn)—all, except M. Sinton and Signor Piatti, being members of our Concert Hall orchestra. The result was a satisfactory, if not an irreproachable, performance. M. Sinton performed his own *Adagio* and *Rondo Mazurka* in his usual masterly style, being accompanied (as was also Signor Piatti, in his solo) by M. Hecht, on the pianoforte. M. Charles Hallé has announced a pianoforte recital—as soon as his hand is well—to compensate for any disappointment to the subscribers to the series of concerts just terminated.

IBID.—The second concert of Madame Szczepanowska took place on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall, Chorlton-on-Medlock. The programme, among other things, included Hummel's Trio in E flat, for piano, violin, and violoncello, executed by Madame Szczepanowska, Mr. Seymour, and Herr Lidell; a sonata, by Corelli, performed by Mr. Seymour; and Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," by Madame Szczepanowska. Herr Lidell gave his version of Merk's "National Airs," in which he displayed good taste and feeling. The vocalists were Miss Armstrong and Mr. Charles Guilmette. Mr. Andrews and Madame Guilmette acted as accompanists.

LIVERPOOL.—Upwards of 1,500 persons assembled in St. George's Hall, at the invitation of members of the town council, to hear a performance on the organ by Mr. Willis, builder of the instrument. The *seance*, which lasted upwards of two hours, gave satisfaction to the audience, who frequently expressed their approval. The hall was brilliantly lighted up, and its architectural beauties displayed effectively. The new concert-room, which is rapidly approaching completion, was also thrown open to public inspection—some parts sufficiently advanced to afford a general idea of the design.

IBID.—(From our own Correspondent).—Though we are on the eve of a political election in Liverpool, musical matters, so far as they relate to the election of a secretary to our Philharmonic Society, alone excited attention in Liverpool on Thursday last. The contest was unusually severe, in consequence of a prejudice which existed in some minds that the successful candidate, Mr. Henry Sudlow, was a brother of the late secretary. Mr. Henry Sudlow's friends, however, exerted themselves with untiring energy—dispelling delusion, converting the lukewarm, and in some cases their opponents, and finally placing their man at the head of the poll. There are 1,120 votes in the Philharmonic Society, and of these 367 were given to Mr. Sudlow, and 295 to his opponent, Mr. Charles Ollivier, who is well known to your readers. The interest this contest excited may be gathered from the following (*Liverpool Times*, of Thursday last):—

"There were originally sixty-three applicants for the situation, but they were gradually reduced by the committee to two—namely, Mr. Henry Sudlow and Mr. Ollivier. In a report issued by the committee, they say, 'Mr. Ollivier is now the secretary to the musical society at Bradford, similar in its constitution to the Liverpool Philharmonic

Society, but is better known as the late proprietor of a large music establishment in Bond-street, London, bearing his name. The qualifications of the other candidate, Mr. Henry Sudlow, are too well known to the Society to require any particular notice. In addition to the duties of music librarian, he has for many years had charge of the routine business of the Society, with which he is thoroughly conversant. He has the advantage also, over his competitor, of possessing a local knowledge and a personal acquaintance with the members, which Mr. Ollivier would have to acquire. His testimonials, couched in warm terms, are signed by the whole of the chorus or practical members, both ladies and gentlemen, as well as by the instrumental performers of the Society's orchestra, whose united preferences, in a matter in which they are so personally interested, are entitled to much weight. The election will be a very closely contested affair. Mr. Ollivier's supporters urge that Mr. Henry Sudlow ought not to be elected, as he was cognizant of the defalcations of Mr. William Sudlow; but on this point the committee and practical members of the Society say, that the relationship between Mr. Henry Sudlow and his employer was very slight, and that his own cash-book and accounts, as testified by Mr. Banner, were kept with perfect accuracy and regularity. We think so long as Mr. Henry Sudlow was the only local candidate, he ought to have the preference over a stranger. He is familiar with the duties of the situation, and a favourite with all who have had business transactions with him.

I can echo the last paragraph in this article, and assure all your professional readers who may have business with Mr. Henry Sudlow, that he is in every sense of the word a gentleman.

In spite of "wind and weather" Mr. Thomas's new speculation progresses. At the third concert, on Saturday, we had overtures by Auber, and dance music by Strauss, Labitzky, Lanner, etc. For his fourth, Mr. Thomas has engaged Mr. Bache, an Englishman, who, though quite a youth, is said to exhibit rare promise, both as composer and pianist. He brings testimonials from his masters, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Alfred Mellon, and Herr Hauptman, of Leipzig, so that his debut in Liverpool is looked for with interest by our professors and amateurs. Mr. Bache will play two of his own compositions.

BIRMINGHAM.—There was a large audience at the Town Hall, at the last Monday evening concert. After "The Priests' March" of Mendelssohn, on the organ, the choir sang Beethoven's "Twine ye the garlands." Mrs. Bull and Mr. Thomas gave the duet, "Dunque io son," and Mozart's "GiovINETTE che fate," in which they were assisted by the choir. The best specimen of part-singing was in Paxton's glee, "How sweet, how fresh." A pianoforte solo by Miss Evans, was re-demanded. This was the last concert but one before the Musical Festival.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society increases in numbers and importance. On Tuesday evening Mr. B. Bridgen delivered a lecture upon "The Structure of the Ear and the Vocal Organs," with musical illustrations. The lecturer was assisted by three members of the Choral Harmonic Society, Miss Williams and Miss Hillier, who sang the duets of "Ye banks and braes," and "What are the wild waves saying," accompanied upon the pianoforte by Mr. Racine. Mr. Bridgen's concluding song "Simon, the Cellarer," was encored.

MARGATE.—The first of the subscription concerts given by Mr. Gardner took place on Monday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. The vocalists were Madame Newton Frodsham, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. George Farrow. Madame Frodsham sang a variety of songs; and in the duet from *Puritani*, with Mr. Frodsham, was encored. Mr. Frodsham sang two ballads, and Mr. Farrow ditto. Mr. Nicholson performed a solo on the flute.

OXFORD.—An evening concert took place at the Town Hall, on the 13th inst., the profits of which were given to the fund for the establishment of a public library. The vocalists were the Misses J. and M. McAlpine, Mr. Horsley and Mr. Roberts, of Oxford, with Mr. Powell (cornet), Mr. Porter (concertina), and the Oxford Sax Tuba Band, as instrumentalists. The programme contained eighteen pieces, five of which were re-demanded.

NORWICH.—(From a Correspondent, Feb. 24).—Herr Lichtenstein, the pianist, who has been here for some days, gave a concert on Monday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. The attendance was good. The instrumental selection was, the Allegro Brillante, from Hummel's septuor; Pianoforte Solo—Presto—Mendelssohn; Sonate in A, composed in 1705—Scar-

latti; Portions of Sonate in A flat and the march—Beethoven; Rondo Brillante of Weber's, and an original composition by Herr Lichtenstein, a Hungarian war-march. The vocal part, sustained by several of the choristers of the cathedral, by permission of the Precentor and Dr. Buck, consisted of glee and songs by Master Atkinson. Mr. Bunnett, a pupil and assistant of Dr. Buck, was the accompanist. Herr Lichtenstein was encored two or three times, and created a favourable impression. Mr. Bunnett played on the new instrument, the Harmonium, which seems to be a perfect organ "in little."

BELFAST.—(From our own Correspondent).—The inauguration of the new organ, the property of the Belfast Classical Harmonists' Society, on Friday last, at the Victoria Hall, had excited and did not disappoint general expectation. Dr. Stewart, organist to St. Patrick's and Christ Churches, Dublin, presided at the organ, and Mr. Barry conducted and accompanied the vocal performances. Besides the concert on Friday morning, another was given in the evening, which was still better attended. Afterwards, the members repaired to a supper at Mr. Thompson's Donegal-place, when the Secretary read an address to Mr. Barry, the Society's conductor, congratulating him on the success of the two inaugural concerts. A letter was also read from Dr. Stewart, in which the talented organist and composer expressed himself highly satisfied with the new instrument.

PLYMOUTH.—(From a Correspondent).—A very crowded audience assembled on Tuesday the 27th, to witness, as the bills announced, "A grand Military Amateur Performance." The boxes presented a gay and animated appearance, the red jackets of the Militia adding to the effect. The aristocracy of the neighbourhood and the authorities of the town were nearly all present. The pieces selected were *Two Loves and a Life*, with the following cast:—Sir Gervase Rokewood and Father Radcliffe (Jacobites), Lieut. Coleridge, S.D.M., and C. Fennell, Esq.; Musgrave, Captain Marshall, D.M.A.; Mr. John Daw, C. Wheeler, Esq.; Captain Jansen, Captain B. Russell, D.M.A.; William, Duke of Cumberland, Major Ibbetson; Gordon, Lieut. Devon, D.M.A.; Sampson Potts, a Barber, Lieut. Brine, R.E.; Standish, Hall, Fenwick, and Townley (Jacobite gentlemen of the Northern Counties), Lieut. Luard, R.N., Lieut. Barwell, D.M.A., Captain Coles, S.D.M., and Lieutenant Nisbett, R.A.; Anne Musgrave, Miss Newton; Ruth Ravenscar, Mrs. C. Boyce. *The Boarding School*, thus distributed:—Captain Harcourt, Lieut. Coleridge, S.D.M.; Mrs. Muggles, Lieut. Coleridge, S.D.M.; Mr. Petipas, Lieut. Coleridge, S.D.M.; Cornet Kavanagh, Lieut. Nisbett, R.A.; Professor O'Grady, Lieut. Nisbett, R.A.; Lieut. Varley, C. Fennell, Esq.; Mr. Round Text, C. Fennell, Esq.; Major Marsden, Capt. Studdy, S.D.M.; Sergeant, Lieut. Barwell, D.M.A.; Farmer Holly, Capt. Templer, S.D.M.; James, C. Wheeler, Esq. Mrs. Groe-de-Nap, Mrs. B. Bartlett; Miss Briggs, Mrs. Harding; Miss Caroline Blythe (Heiress No. 1), Mrs. C. Boyce; Miss Mary Mite (Heiress No. 2), Miss Newton; Miss Julia Manvers (Heiress No. 3), Miss Miles. The acting was generally excellent—admirable, indeed, for a troupe of inexperienced amateurs. Mr. Coleridge, added to a good figure, has a very intelligent cast of countenance. His action is graceful, and he possesses a voice free from conventional exaggeration. His performance was even and gentlemanly. The scene with Radcliffe was particularly striking. Mr. Fennell, in more than one scene, was almost artistic. The schoolmaster was capitally done by Mr. Wheeler, and Lieut. Brine's Sampson Potts was spirited and amusing. Captain B. Russell, as the Smuggler, acted with an energy worthy of a professional comedian. The disagreeable part of Musgrave found an able representative in Captain Marshall; and Major Ibbetson and Lieut. Devon "walked through" their parts with gentlemanlike ease. Messrs. Suard, Barwell, Coles, and Nesbitt, made themselves prominent in very subordinate characters. Nothing could be better than Mrs. Boyce's Ruth Ravenscar, which was free from vulgarity. Miss Newton made an interesting Anne Musgrave. *The Boarding School* was received with shouts of laughter. As an amateur performance, this was certainly one of the best witnessed in Plymouth. Another will no doubt be undertaken. The scenery, dresses, and appointments were in the style which invariably distinguishes the management of Mr. Newcombe.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is necessary to inform advertisers that we cannot undertake to extract advertisements ourselves, for insertion, from other papers. Whatever advertisements are intended for the *MUSICAL WORLD* must be sent to the Office by the proper authorities or their agents. This will render all mistakes impossible for the future.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of *THE MUSICAL WORLD*, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—We believe the salary paid to the principal viola in Her Majesty's Private Band, is £80, with the privilege of sending deputies when his duties at the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic Concerts may require his presence elsewhere. The salary used to be, if we remember well, £100, with the same privileges, and attendance at the Ancient Concerts included.

AN ENGLISH PIANIST.—MAD. PLEYEL this year, as during her last visit to England, in 1852, has invariably played upon Broadwood's pianofortes. It was in 1846, at a concert given by the then Proprietors of the *Musical World*, in the Hanover Square Rooms, that the celebrated artiste first played upon the instruments manufactured by the house of BROADWOOD. Since then, following the example of other great pianists before her, MAD. PLEYEL has never performed upon those of any other makers. Like the lion that once tastes blood, the "lion"-pianist who once touches a Broadwood-piano, is satisfied with nothing less stimulating from that time forward.

DELTA.—The exact pronunciation of M. WUILLE's name, according to the system adopted by the now extinct Phonic News, would be Weel.

SYPHAX.—The organist at the Harmonic Union is MR. W. REA, one of our best performers. MR. H. BLAGROVE is the leader of the band. The organ in the Hanover-square Rooms was built by GRAY and DAVISON—at least, the names of those eminent manufacturers are attached to it.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We shall feel indebted to our correspondent if he will, "in one readable article sum up the absurd crotchets," in question. The "Reactionary Letters" are drawing towards an end. We regret that "A SUBSCRIBER" should be unpossessed of a length of line sufficient to fathom them. With that we are unable to supply him. He might apply to the Philharmonic Directors.

A FRIEND TO YOUR JOURNAL.—The marks of expression in use among German musicians are in very many cases different from our own and those of the French and Italian composers. The one cited by our correspondent is an instance in point. This, and the others, are, nevertheless, occasionally to be met with, and these always convey the same signification as in Germany. The last Concert of the Musical Winter Evenings next week.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17TH, 1855.

MONS. LOUIS VIARDOT, author of the best translation ever made by a Frenchman of the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes—except that of Mottenux, which is in English—and husband of Mad. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, for whose rare gifts and accomplishments we entertain a very profound respect, has felt moved, by a certain passage in the last letter of our Paris correspondent, to address the following "réclamation"

(not réclame) to the publisher ("l'Editeur") of the *Musical World*. The translation is literal:—

(Translation).

"To the Publisher of the *Musical World*, in London.

"SIR,—In giving you an account of the *rentrée* of Mad. Pauline Viardot, at the Imperial Italian Theatre, your Paris correspondent, moved by a feeling that I will not qualify, has thought proper to translate, not the entire article of M. Fiorentino in the *Constitutionnel*, but the only ill-natured passage in that article. What is much worse, he has added to that passage, as if translated, a phrase still more ill-natured, and which is of his own invention, since it is not contained in the original. You may, from this circumstance, judge of his trustworthiness.

"As I cannot imagine that you share with him the blind hatred he appears to entertain for Mad. Pauline Viardot, and as I am led to think that, on the contrary, you seek to render full justice to artists, you will permit me to rectify the opinion of your correspondent. To this end, I ought to place before you that of the entire Parisian press, great and small, which, the passage quoted and amplified alone excepted, has been unanimous in its praises. But I am compelled to make a choice. I forward, therefore, the accompanying in preference:—

"First.—The article of the *Moniteur* on the *rentrée* of Mad. Viardot, because, though signed De Rovray, it is by the same M. Fiorentino. (I regret that the *Moniteur* did not speak of the *Trovatore* the following Sunday.)

"Second.—The article of the *Pays*, since that journal belongs to the same proprietor as the *Constitutionnel*.

"Third.—The article of *Galignani's Messenger*, because it is written in English by an Englishman.

"Fourth.—To conclude, the copy of a letter, which M. Verdi has just addressed to me.

"I trust, Sir, that in a spirit of impartiality, you will not refuse to insert in the *Musical World*, after the translation of a passage from the *Constitutionnel*, at least that of the letter of M. Verdi; together with the short article published by *Galignani's Messenger*.

"In this hope, I have the honour, Sir, to offer you the expression of my sentiments les plus distingués."

"Rue de Douai, 28."

"LOUIS VIARDOT.

Signor Verdi does not write such academical French as M. Louis Viardot; but we have done our best to put his letter into vernacular. The translation is literal:—

(Translation).

"SIR,—I was not acquainted with the article you mention in the English journal, *The Musical World*, which I do not find just. Since Madame Viardot does me the honour to value my opinion of the manner in which she has sustained the part of Azucena, in the *Trovatore*, I am happy to repeat to her what I had the pleasure to tell her at her first representation, in the Théâtre-Italien—which is, that, without considering the veritable *tour de force* of appearing, after a single rehearsal, in a part wholly new to her, and so difficult as that of Azucena, it is impossible to represent it with more intelligence, truth, and perfection, than she has done in every detail. Mad. Viardot was, in the part of Azucena, what she has been and always will be, a great artist, in the full acceptance of the term. Such is my opinion—an opinion, moreover, which the public completely shares with me.

"Pray accept and present to Madame the expression of my sentiments les plus distingués."

"G. VERDI.

"Paris, 12th March, 1855."

The article from *Galignani's Messenger* (though "written in English by an Englishman") being less easy to "do" into English than the letters of M. Viardot and Signor Verdi (who has acquired a curious facility in the French language), we prefer quoting it, *verbatim et literatim*, as it stands, in that profound and critical newspaper. We have simply curtailed it of two "puffs"—one upon Sig. Baucardé (about whom we are not in want of *Galignani's* opinion), and another upon the music of Signor Verdi (about which, etc).

"ITALIAN OPERA.—Chance has been singularly favourable in Paris to Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. After running a number of nights, and being

* A *pour-parler*, not reducible into simple English. — [Rédauteur M. W.]

just established in public favour, the illness of one of the principal vocalists threatens a fatal interruption, when Mad. Viardot accidentally steps in at the precise moment to supply her place, and by her talents and well-merited popularity, completely renews the interest and curiosity of the musical world, and gives the opera all the freshness of its first success. The theatre has been crowded beyond precedent each representation since Mad. Viardot has assumed the part, and without the least depreciation of Mad. Borghi-Mamo, who sang and acted Azucena very beautifully, no sort of comparison can be said to exist between the two artistes, looking to the effect produced by their performance. The darkly tragic features of the character are brought out by Mad. Viardot with a feeling and intensity, the secret of which is only known to great tragedians. Every detail of what, in the hands of the librettist, is a mere outline, is wrought out with consummate artistic skill, and the result is a triumph throughout. The crowning point in this fine performance is the terrible scene where the Zingara and her son, condemned to be burnt, are in prison awaiting their doom. The wretched mother, in every passing breeze, fancies she hears the approach of their executioners, and imagination brings back to her troubled spirit the frightful spectacle of her own mother's death, whom she had seen perish at the stake. Her delivery of the passage, 'Non odi? gente appressa,' etc., was sublime. The vigour and *entrain* thrown by Mad. Viardot into this performance, and the gratification expressed by the audience, seemed to vivify the entire representation. We shall watch with curious interest the reception of *Il Trovatore* by the musical critics of London; of the verdict of the public—*selon nous*, the only infallible judge—we have little doubt."

We shall also watch "with curious interest" the opinion of the musical critics, although we are not quite so certain as our excellent contemporary "*d'outre manche*" of the verdict of—"*selon nous*—the infallible judge."

With the best good will, we have no room for the life of Mad. Viardot, signed "Escudier," which appears in the columns of *Le Pays*. We are aware that M. Mirés is chief proprietor both of *Le Constitutionnel* and *Le Pays*; but M. Mirés does not write the *feuilletons* in one or the other. He has neither the wit of M. Fiorentino nor the learning of M. Escudier. Besides, we have a shrewd opinion that if Mad. Viardot had sung in the *Arabs in the Gauls* of Signor Pacini, instead of in the *Trovatore* of Signor Verdi, there would have appeared no biography of her at all, just at present, either in *Le Pays* or *La France Musicale*, for both of which—"by Abs and by Adnan"—we entertain a deep and enduring veneration. We have read, and we have "filed," other articles, signed "Escudier," in which Mad. Viardot is talked of with less enthusiasm—much less. But let that pass. The celebrated *artiste* had not then appeared, à l'improviste, in *Il Trovatore*; and this, of course, to reasonable men, will explain the difference. We strongly recommend Mad. Viardot, however—*par parenthèse*—to understudy Mdlle. Crivelli in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*. Who knows what may happen by and by? Mdlle. Sophie is *fougueuse*; and may peradventure, without a warning to Sig. Verdi, or to MM. Escudier, Scudo, and Thadée Tyskiewicz, undertake a second "*hardi voyage*;" and, then, what a famous opportunity would there be for another "*tour de force*"—one rehearsal, and the *Vêpres*—?

The article in the *Moniteur* relates to Mad. Viardot's performance in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*—not to her *improvisu* undertaking of Azucena in *Il Trovatore*—or we would reproduce it with pleasure, since we have a sincere respect for M. A. de Rovray, whoever he may be. But as M. Viardot only reproaches our correspondent for his remarks upon the *Trovatore*, we see no use in quoting the other *feuilleton*. In justice to Mad. Viardot, however, and to our correspondent—who is accused of enhancing the *malveillance* of the writer in the *Constitutionnel*, and, by insinuation, of suppressing the favourable parts of his review (which M. Viardot has not forwarded to us)—we subjoin, being in

possession of a copy of the paper, the article of M. P. A. Fiorentino "in its integrity." The translation is literal.

"The van-guard and the rear-guard of the press were convoked, on Saturday, to judge Mad. Viardot in the part of the Gitana. She expended a thousand times more talent, art and resources than on the ancient *répertoire*, but in pure loss. The plaudits which encouraged her and egged her on (*l'ailaillonnaient*—needed her) in this impossible enterprise, issued especially from the *troisièmes loges*, and the depths of the *parterre*. The whole house joined in it heartily (*de grand cœur*), admiring all the movement, all the pain, and all the labour, she gave herself, to accomplish conscientiously a task beyond her strength. To do justice to this excessive music (*musique excessive*—a capital expression!—Ed.), voices young, full, sonorous, vibrating, and toned like brass instruments, are necessary. Mad. Viardot showed herself rather a tragedian than a *cantatrice*; she scarcely murmured the *chanson* of the gipsies, and left to the orchestra the task of playing the theme aloud, and to the hammers and anvils that of marking the rhythm much more gently than usual; she had some very fine impulses (*mouvements*) in the long recitative of Azucena; she was very beautiful, that is to say, very terrible and happily inspired in the scene of the interrogatory, when she finds herself in presence of the enemy of her race, and of the son of her mother's murderer. She was loudly (*bruyamment*) applauded, too, and recalled, with justice. But, while we do not like comparisons, which are always unpleasant, truth compels us to say, that in the singing, as in the freshness and suavity of the voice, she remained beneath Mad. Borghi. One would have thought oneself in a dramatic rather than a lyric theatre. Impelled by her zeal, and by the desire of doing better than the artist who had preceded her, she at times went too far (*surmenait le rôle*), accentuated her phrases too abruptly (*trop durement*), exaggerated the expression. Nothing could be more curious to observe than the contrast with Baucardé, impassible and serene; as usual, looking, with folded arms, and large staring eyes, at that extreme animation, at those convulsive contortions. In the fourth act, worn out (*rendue*) with fatigue, the *Bohémienne* simply gave in prose a part of the duet with her son. We need not remark to Mad. Viardot, that it is one of the greatest faults in the vocal art to speak instead of to sing. Mad. Viardot knows it better than we; but, at the end of such a long trial, her voice having no tone left, she was not even in a state to declaim her part; it was, therefore, quite impossible for her to give out a sound which approached to the melody in this last duet, one of the prettiest *morceaux* in the score. Instead of 'Tu canterai sul tuo liuto,' let us say 'Tu parlerai,' and say no more about it.

"This representation, which attracted a very elegant and numerous audience (Saturday is the best night at the Italiens), was enlivened by a burlesque incident. At the moment when Madame Viardot was in the act of lying down (*s'accroupissant*), to sleep on her prison mat, a young cat, very lively, very familiar, and very mischievous, came forward and oodly ran about in front of the orchestra. An ill-natured wag, whose name I could cite, maintained that it was the cat of Baucardé, which had at last left the throat of that singer.* The illusion was of short duration, since Baucardé terminated his part like a man who knows perfectly well how to sing, but is more than ever afflicted with his chronic hoarseness."

"P. A. FIORENTINO."

Our correspondent has been accused of entertaining "a blind hatred" for Madame Viardot. We leave it, however, to the readers of the *Musical World* to decide that question, which can be easily done by comparing the article of the French *feuilletoniste* with the mild reservations in our Paris letter. The inadvertent mis-position of certain inverted commas led to one sentence being given to M. Fiorentino, which was not his. But, independently of all this, we have the strictest confidence in the judgment and in the trustworthiness ("*bonne foi*") of our correspondent—a gentleman and an accomplished amateur—who loves music, though he has no connection with the musical professions; who has the highest respect and consideration for every artist of merit; and who is incapable of entertaining a "blind hatred," a wide-awake "hatred," or any "hatred" at all, for one so distinguished as Mad.

* When the voice of a singer is afflicted in a peculiar manner, it is a common French saying that he has "a cat in his throat."—Ed.

Pauline Viardot-Garcia, to whom he has frequently done homage, and of whom he is one of the warmest and most sincere admirers, whether as a private lady or a public artist. "Hate" her?—"hate" Pauline?—"hate" Fides?—"hate" Malibran's sister, Garcia's daughter, everybody's spoiled child?—*Fi donc!* "Mettons"—as M. Fiorentino would say—"loves" her, and that would be much nearer the truth. "Blind" love, if you please, M. Viardot; but "blind" hate, by no manner of means.

AFTER a sojourn of six months in the United States, Grisi and Mario have returned to England. Their success in America has not been all that might have been anticipated, from the *prestige* of their reputation and the eminence of their talent. But that is for our "universal" Brother Jonathan to explain. During the period of their stay, Grisi and Mario performed 75 times. The following operas were given:—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Semiramide*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Don Pasquale*. They also sang at numerous concerts, many of which were for charities. Their first appearance was in *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was also the last opera in which they performed. This event took place at New York, in February, on the evening previous to their departure, on which occasion Mr. Hackett, the *entrepreneur*, thanked them publicly for their kindness to him during the engagement, and informed the audience at the same time that, after paying Grisi and Mario their terms (£17,000 and all expenses of living and travelling), he was many thousand pounds richer by the speculation. This was not quite true, although not very far from the truth. Grisi and Mario came home £15,000 (not £17,000) richer than they went. £2,000 was subtracted from the sum originally agreed upon, on condition of Mr. Hackett's letting them off ten performances. Mr. Hackett's net profits amounted to 20,000 dollars.

Such a result to such an undertaking—before and during which the management abstained from any artificial means of creating a pre-excitement "*à la Barnum*," allowing the success or failure of his scheme to depend entirely upon the merits of the *artistes* he had engaged—was surprising, even where Grisi and Mario were the attractions.

As, from time to time, our American correspondence has supplied the readers of the *Musical World* with information about the rather uncourteous (not to say shabby) reception accorded to Grisi and Mario, at the outset, by the public and press of the United States, we cannot do better than complete the historic picture of their tour, by citing an extract from one of the papers which has been most unkind to the "incomparable pair"—*The New York Musical Gazette*. The extract forms part of a very long article, describing the farewell performance of Grisi and Mario in New York—at the "Academy" as it is called. Our chief object in reproducing it, is to point out the complete transformation which the "go-a-head" populations underwent in their feeling towards the great artists, to whom they, at first, so effectually administered "the cold shoulder."

"The opera chosen for this occasion was the one in which they first appeared in this country, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Owing to the causes at which we have already hinted, what a wide difference between the greeting and the farewell performance of this opera! The difference was very apparent in the performance, and more so in the thermometer of public feeling. Critics went away from the former, feeling that if the London journals went into ecstasies over such a performance as that, we might as well put no more confidence in their criticisms; they went away from the latter, feeling that they had experienced the full measure of enthusiasm represented as having marked their farewell

appearance in the English metropolis. Twice were Grisi and Mario recalled at the close of the second act, when the enthusiasm baffled description. The audience rose to their feet, and tried to manifest their delight by shouts, bouquets, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. This tumultuous scene was repeated at the leave-taking which followed the termination of the opera. After being once called before the curtain to witness every possible demonstration of delight, Mr. Hackett returned to the audience their thanks for the kindness and enthusiasm expressed toward them by the people of New York in general, and their farewell audience in particular. This done, they were again recalled, when Grisi kissed her hand to her brilliant array of admirers, Mario bowed as gracefully as he knew how (not very graceful at best), and it seemed as if the outburst of enthusiasm would never come to an end.

"Such is an imperfect picture of the scene at the last appearance of these two great artists on the American continent, a farewell which, in its under-tone of sadness, as well as its boisterous manifestations of enthusiasm, reminds us of Jenny Lind's departure three years ago. (Poor Sontag! how little did we think of bidding her farewell the last time she appeared in New York!)"

This was a graceful way of paying the *amende honorable*, and we feel much pleasure in adding what lies in our power to its publicity. Brother Jonathan—shake hands! you are not such a noodle after all.

Having amassed an enormous fortune, Grisi and Mario will now, it is said, retire to their estate in the vicinity of Florence. We have not so many great dramatic singers but that the loss of the two greatest must be deeply regretted by all who are interested in the progress of the art. The absence of Grisi and Mario from the Italian stage will be more severely felt when, in future representations of those operas with which their names are identified, we have to compare their successors with such magnificent originals—such really "illustrious" interpreters. The generations to come may possibly see artists as gifted; but at the present time we seek in vain for any to supply their places. Grisi and Mario *cannot be spared*. They have no cause for retiring at an earlier period of life than is usual with members of their profession, and while in possession of greater powers than their predecessors *could*, or their contemporaries *can* boast. When they are *gone*, if go they must, Gennaro and Lucrezia, Fernando and Leonora, Raoul and Valentine will disappear, for a time at least, from the London boards. The fact of their being unequalled, however, should, we think, induce Grisi and Mario to remain, until their splendid gifts begin, in sober truth, to fail them. When that is the case—long hence, we trust—we shall be able to take leave of them with less pain. They will not—*cannot* retire, at present.

THE die is cast. Richard has waved his *bâton* in Hanover-square. The "Seven Wise Men" are in ecstasies. A beat "up" (the only beat) is substituted for a beat "down" (a silly beat). Michael Costa is quenched. The "great Tritto" is ignored. The new prophet is the only prophet. Liszt was right.

"List!—list!—oh Lis(z)t!" Strange readings were enforced, and "*forzandi*" yet more vigorous (we had thought *that impossible*); while the last pages of the *Hebrides* went faster than probable, and made noise enough to drown the waters that grumble and wail and rush and roar, in the darkness of Fingal's Cave. The slow chords in the second part of the *Zauberflöte* were reiterated. A flat found its way back into the *Eroica*. The "Child" (Mozart), the "Erroneous" (Beethoven), the "Stupid" (Spohr), the "Old Wife" (Haydn), and the "Jew" (Mendelssohn), were beaten, as they never were before, in the Philharmonic

Temple. The members of the band were as demons, and shook and trembled with enthusiasm. Shapes like unto those which delirium paints upon darkness were flitting and grinning ghastly in the orchestra. The new prophet, etc.

"List!—list!—oh Lis(z)t!"

The star of Richard shone as a moon in the heavens. The new Prophet *was* the only prophet. Praeger was there, with "the books" in his mind's coat pocket. He wore a Mackintosh and Fez. The "Reactionary" stood still, as the sun at the word of Joshua. A new king had arisen that knew not Michael; and Michael was forgotten by the fiddlers, the quidnuncs, and the *Aristarchi*. "It was a glorious victory." Nothing lacked but the statue of William Pitt, which, had the Director sent it a reserved place, with a copy of *Lohengrin*, would doubtless have stalked from its pedestal in the square down to the very concert room—like the stony Commandant at Don Giovanni's supper, scaring away the Philharmonic Leporello—for William hated Jews, and would have exulted in Richard, who crucified Felix and Giacomo. There is but one Wagner, and Richard is his prophet! There is but one Richard, and Wagner is his scribe. The ENTELECHIA of harmony, "he is,"—as Aristotle says, in expounding that metaphysical proposition,—"by reason of him ('it') self"—because he is—a felicitous modification of the phonic elements. Like the Phaeacians, he goes round and round, and might be symbolised by the serpent annular, with its tail in its mouth. Being psychologically circular, he describes himself. Liszt was right. The new prophet *shall* be the only prophet. Liszt was right.

"List!—list!—oh Lis(z)t!"

We had got thus far, when we awoke, and to our great astonishment found ourselves, pen in hand, with paper and ink before us, in the act of writing an article! Talk of somnambulism! What think you, reader, of somno-criticism (we are not alluding to *somniferous*)? The fact is easily explained. Leaving the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday night, we were very excited and still more puzzled. We came away in a state of half-rhapsody, with no possibility of obtaining a clue to the thread of our perplexed sensations. On reaching home, a Turkish hookah (with some Turkish tobacco, which Vely Pasha gave to Vivier), a cup of strong sonto, a leaf of sonchus, and a score of *Tannhäuser* arranged for the pianoforte, so comfortably disposed us in our arm-chair, that less than a quarter of an hour had elapsed when the pipe fell gently from our hands, the sonto was spilled upon "the book" (page 2), and our head dropping on the table, we fell fast asleep. No sooner asleep than the soul travelled to the Nassau Steam Press. There, in the printing-office of the *Musical World*, we commenced writing, as we dreamed, an article on the first Philharmonic concert, the slips of which we confided, *feuille par feuille*, to Mr. Johnson, for the editor of the *Athenæum* (we were writing, as we dreamed, for that sheet), when, at the bottom of Slip 4, we slipped off the table, and were awoken—not *en sursaut*, but on the carpet. And yet we had not taken one "cup of sack" that day—*for d'honnêtes gens*—not one cup—nothing, in short, but a little sonto and sow-thistle. On awaking, we found that as much of paper was covered, and in our own hand-writing, as makes up the printed matter we have given above!

"*Credas Judæus!*"—we hear exclaimed, in chorus, by Mr. Praeger and "the seven." Nevertheless, it is as true as "the seven of the eleven I paid," of fat Sir John in the play.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE first concert for the season took place on Monday night, in the Hanover-square Rooms, and was well attended, though by no means crowded. The news of Sig. Costa's secession doubtless produced an unfavourable effect upon the subscription list—for, whatever may be the conflicting opinions about that gentleman's capabilities to direct the performance of music so opposed to the style in which he must have been nurtured in his own country, there can be no question whatever of his popularity. Herr Richard Wagner, too, though he has been making, for years, a great noise and disturbance throughout Germany, was but little known to our London amateurs, whose notions of him were about as misty as his own theories of art. Nevertheless, he was fished up near Zurich, and was engaged by Mr. Anderson, at an expense of £240 (£120 more than Mr. Costa), which, with the director's travelling expenses, will add something considerable to the outlay of the season, 1855.

The following was the programme:—

PART I.		
Sinfonia, No. 7, (Grand)	Haydn.	
Terzetto, "Soave sia il vento"	Mozart.	
Dramatic Concerto, Violin, Herr Ernst	Spohr.	
Scena! "Ocean thou mighty monster"	Weber.	
Overture, "The Isles of Fingal"	Mendelssohn.	
PART II.		
Sinfonia Eroica	Beethoven.	
Duetto, "O, my Father"	Marschner.	
Overture (Zauberflöte)	Mozart.	

Conductor—Herr Richard Wagner.

The *Pastorale* and a "Prize-Symphony" by Herr Lachner, had been first selected; but Herr Wagner said, on his arrival, that, with only one rehearsal and an orchestra unknown to him, he would prefer something more familiar; and so the *Eroica* and the Haydn symphony were substituted. We should have thought the *Eroica* less "familiar" and more difficult than the *Pastorale*. But Herr Wagner, who has views of his own, and conducts *without the score*, probably knew the *Eroica* "by heart," and not the *Pastorale*. It was indispensable that he should make a good display at his first concert; and so the Director let him have his way.

Herr Wagner was received most courteously. He is a short spare man, with an eager look and a capacious forehead. He conducts with great vivacity, and beats "up" and "down" indiscriminately. At least we could not, with the best intentions, distinguish his "ups" from his "downs;" and if the members of the band are down to his "ups" and up to his "downs" by the end of the season, we shall be ready to present each of them with a quill tooth-pick, as a forfeit for our own lack of discernment. The Haydn symphony—a glorious old lady—went with immense dash—dash is the word. Of delicacy we observed no sign; while the *sforzandi* were intenser than even under the despotic stick of Mr. Costa. So many quickenings and slackenings of tempo, we never heard in a Haydn-symphony before. Perhaps it is in "the books," however, and was all right. As for Mendelssohn's overture, that magnificently Jewish inspiration—(fancy a Jew who could grope about Fingal's Cave, and give such a splendidly poetical account of his impressions!) was taken slower than necessary at the beginning, and faster than possible at the end. It was rather a "zig-zag" sort of performance, but wonderfully vigorous and animated. The pianos (we do not expect *pianissimos*) were disregarded from one end to the other; and this was felt to be especially disadvantageous at the beginning of the two grand *crescendos*, in the middle and in the coda of the overture. Perhaps Herr Wagner maintains that the music of Jews should always be as monotonous as the "Clo'-clo'-clo'!" which agonised the poet in the streets.

As for the *Eroica*, that was all "sixes and sevens"—now firm, now "shaky," now overpoweringly grand, now threatening to tumble to pieces. To us it was *most unsatisfactory*. To others it was evidently otherwise, since they praised it loudly. When the beat is understood, however, by the end of the season, it will be a very different thing; but then the concerts are over. What of that? There is next season—1856; and is not Herr Wagner

a conductor, as well as a composer, for "the future?" The glorious overture of that divine "child" with the long name—WOLFGANG AMADEUS THEOPHILUS CHRYSOSTOM (etc.) MOZART (who will soon be teaching the "Future" to look back longingly to the "Past"—or we are much mistaken), went, as we thought, better than anything else. The long chords of B flat, that usher in the incomparable second part, with such pomp and ceremony, were reiterated (not sustained), according to the Weimar fashion. About this we have nothing to say.

Altogether our impression of Herr Wagner, as a conductor, is confused. By and by, we shall better be able to give something like a decided opinion; at present we are tongue-tied.

The fine dramatic concerto in A minor of the "stupid" old Doctor at Cassel, was gloriously executed by the poet fiddler, Ernst, but loosely and coarsely accompanied by the band. Herr Wagner seemed not to know this "by heart," and in two places was "abroad." Ernst, however, knew it well "by heart;" and got Herr Wagner out of the scrape. It is worth noticing, that the Dramatic Concerto was the first piece ever performed by Herr Ernst in this country—in 1843, at a concert given in the Hanover-square Rooms, for the benefit of the German Hospital. This made the performance doubly interesting.

The vocalists were Mad. Clara Novello, who sang the scene from *Oberon* with superb freshness and vigour of voice; and Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, who did more than justice to the feeble and colourless duet from Marschner's *Vampyr*. The lovely trio from *Così fan Tutti*, by the "Child," would have been better had the accompaniments been smoother and more undulating. In short, Herr Wagner does not appear at his ease either in vocal music or instrumental solos.

Another round of applause greeted the new conductor at the end of the concert; and the audience dispersed, not knowing, for the most part, what to think of him. A DEM IN!

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S SOIREE'S.

The first of Mr. Bennett's Annual Series of Classical Pianoforte Concerts, for the present season, took place on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, before a crowded and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:—

PART I.		
Quintetto, Op. 87	Hummel.
Lieder Kreis	Beethoven.
Selection, Pianoforte	Scarlatti.
		Händel.
		Bach.
Duo, Op. 5, Pianoforte and Violoncello	Beethoven.
PART II.		
Sonata, B flat, Pianoforte and Violin	Mozart.
Songs (MS.)	W. S. Bennett.
Solos, Pianoforte	W. S. Bennett.

The example set by Mr. Bennett of introducing the compositions of the great pianoforte composers to his audiences has been extensively followed; but nothing has been able to lessen the attraction of his *soirées*, which annually increase in favour, and gain on the affections of the public. The concert on Tuesday evening was equal in interest to any given on former occasions; and Mr. Bennett's coadjutors, Messrs. Sainton, Dando, Piatti, and Reynolds (violin, viola, violoncello, and double-bass), seconded him with equal talent and zeal. Mr. Bennett's own compositions were effectively represented by his quaint *capriccio*, in A minor, one of his *Suite de Pièces* (in E minor), and a *tema con variazioni*; all of which he executed in the most masterly manner. The loud and repeated applause of the audience testified the high estimation in which Mr. Bennett is held both as a composer and an executant of the first class. The quintet of Hummel and the duets of Beethoven and Mozart were played to perfection. The vocal music was allotted to Mad. Clara Novello. The two MS. songs by Mr. Bennett—"Indian love," and "Winter's gone"—were admirably sung by this gifted *artiste*. The first is an exquisite bit of genuine melody and feeling. Madame Novello also did her very best with Beethoven's enchanting

Lieder-Kreis (chaplet of songs)—which embodies as much pure tune, as many delicious harmonies, and as highly poetic a sentiment, as anything ever produced for voice or instrument by the great author of *Fidelio*. This charming, but little known composition, is a great favourite with Mr. Bennett, who first brought it to the notice of a London public.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

THE 117th Anniversary of this charity was celebrated, as usual, at the Freemason's-hall. The attendance was large, and the Lord Mayor presided, supported by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. When the cloth was removed, "Non Nobis, Domine," was sung, and was followed by the customary toasts, loyal, patriotic, and professional, each of which was received with vociferous applause, succeeded by an appropriate piece of vocal or instrumental music. "A welcome to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge on his return from the Crimea," proposed by the Lord Mayor, was the signal for an especial demonstration.

Mr. Hall, honorary counsel, proposed the health of the Lord Mayor in a speech remarkable for good intentions. The honourable member endeavoured to connect either his Lordship, the Mayor, or the Royal Society of Musicians—which we could not accurately make out—with the approaching anniversary, the hundredth, of Mozart's birth, January, 1856, and paid the English public a high compliment for their thorough appreciation of the author of *Don Giovanni*. This speech was answered by the worthy and worshipful president in a vehement and gracious manner, and, if he did not seem altogether to understand the pith of Mr. Hall's compliment, he at least proved that he was not indifferent to the claims of music as an art. By the way, his lordship was the first Lord Mayor who ever presided at one of the Society's festivals. According to custom, Mr. Rovedino furnished the meeting with statistics regarding the Society's monetary prospects, the amount of funds in hand, annual subscriptions, voluntary donations, etc. The present donation, including contributions from the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, amounted to nearly £100. From generalities Mr. Rovedino modulated into particulars, and, in alluding to Sheriff Muggeridge's gift to the Fund of five guineas sterling, was about to enter into a diffuse biography of the said functionary, together with an essay on his tastes and predilections, had not Mr. Anderson, who had a brief eye to business, cut him short, and put an extinguisher on the speech of Mr. Rovedino and the memoir of Sheriff Muggeridge in the same breath. *En revanche*, we would recommend Mr. Rovedino to publish his biography forthwith, and send a copy to the Hon. Treasurer.

The music was arranged as heretofore, and included glees, songs, ballads, instrumental solos, chiefly the composition of members of the Society. The March for a wind-band, by Winter—composed nearly half a century ago, expressly for the Royal Musicians, and frequently introduced at the anniversary festivals—was performed in the course of the night. The vocalists were Mrs. Newton Frodsham, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Ransford, Messrs. Donald King, Lawler, Benson, and Weiss. Mrs. Newton Frodsham sang a new song by Mr. Lovell Phillips, with clarinet *obbligato*. The song was well sung and much admired, and the *obbligato* was finely played by Mr. Lazarus. Mr. W. H. Holmes supplied another new song, entitled, "The Power of Music"—a very clever composition, with accompaniments for two performers on the pianoforte, played by the composer and his pupil, Mr. Noble, and sung by Mr. Benson. Mrs. Weiss introduced Mr. Henry Leslie's canzonet, "Shall I be remembered," which she gave with taste and expression; and Messrs. Donald King and Lawler gave a vigorous reading of Purcell's "Britons, strike home." The other effective vocal *morceaux* were Mr. Weiss's popular "Village Blacksmith;" and a song of Bishop's, well sung by Miss Ransford.

The two instrumental performances of the evening, were Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* by Mr. W. G. Cousins and the *Airs Hongrois*, executed by Herr Ernst. Herr Ernst was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Much

of this was undoubtedly due to the acknowledged abilities of the renowned German violinist; but the applause was indebted for some of its warmth, and some of its persistence, to the fact, that Herr Ernst had, some years ago, presented the Society with a donation of £74—his share of a concert given in conjunction with Mr. Moscheles, who retained the other £74.

The recollection of such liberality no doubt had something to do with the uproarious reception bestowed on the violinist. Herr Ernst was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, whose presence gave an additional interest to the performance, which was one of the most wonderful we have heard. The encore at the end was loud and simultaneous, and Herr Ernst played the favourite *Carnaval de Venise* with equal effect.

The names of the glees, etc., performed were: "In sweet simplicity" (Mr. Coward); "By the deep rolling waters" (Mr. McMurdie); "Strike, strike the lyre" (T. Cooke); "Come beautiful May" (Spofforth); and "What ho, what shepherd, ho!" (W. Beale). They were all admirably sung by Messrs. R. Barnby, Bayley, H. Barnby, J. Coward, W. Coward, Ferrari, Forster, Handel Gear, Howe, Kinke, Land, Novello, Rovedino, Montem Smith, Whitehouse, and Young, joined occasionally by some of the principals. The most effective were the part songs for four and five voices. Messrs. Coward and McMurdie conducted; and Mr. Cipriani Potter also gave his aid.

The Ladies' Committee were assiduously attentive to their precious charges, and all passed off well; the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the singers, and the players, affording equal satisfaction to the visitors, who will no doubt come forward again, next year, at the Anniversary Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—At the Haymarket, a two-act drama, of some pretensions, from the pen of Mr. Stirling Coyne, entitled *The Secret Agent*, was brought out on Saturday. It is founded on a German five-act drama, by Herr Hackländer, called *Der Geheime Agent*, but has undergone considerable change in the adaptation. The plot of the first act is exceedingly complicated, and would not repay the reader in the explanation. Although taken from a German play, the tone and construction are decidedly French. Mr. Stirling Coyne, however, has attempted to render it more acceptable to the English audience by an infusion of broad farce into the second act. The two courtiers, performed by Messrs. Buckstone and Compton, are more funny than legitimate; and the introduction of the Count and Baron in the fancy ball scene, one in female attire and the other in the costume of Mephistopheles, verged on the extravagant, and brought the piece into danger. Mr. Buckstone's exquisite caricature, nevertheless, in the uniform of a Spanish *dansseuse* carried the scene through triumphantly, and insured *Agent* a fair success.

Two new farces have been produced at the Adelphi within the week, both French, of course; the one called *Betty Martin*, an adaptation of *The Secret*, a little one-act piece, by Mad. Girardin, *Le Chapeau d'un Horloger*, brought out at the Gymnase last Christmas; the other entitled, *I'll Tell your Wife*, taken from *Les Marquises de la Fourchette*, from the pens of MM. Marc Michel and Choler, and presented last season at the Vaudeville. The first of these pieces achieved great success, owing to the inimitable acting of Mrs. Keeley. Indeed, there is little, in point of construction, or humour of dialogue, in *Betty Martin*, the gist of which consists in a maid-servant throwing her newly-married master into a fit of jealousy when he finds the hat of a clockmaker in his wife's room, Betty having smuggled him in clandestinely to mend a favourite and valuable time-piece she had broken. The acting of Mrs. Keeley is, however, a masterpiece.—*I'll tell your Wife* is a better piece, but had not the same good fortune in its first performance on Saturday night, from what cause we could not make out. A fast young gentleman is about to marry the daughter of a doctor; but, as a farewell to his bachelorhood, before resigning himself entirely to the bonds of Hymen, he invites a young lady in a mask to dine with him at a hotel. To the same hotel, with another masked lady, comes the intended father-in-law. Both gentlemen are caught in the same trap; both try all manner of ways to escape detection; each finds out the other; recrimination ensues, which rises to altercation, and ultimately subsides to conciliation. In the end the ladies unmask, and show to the astonished gaze of the gentlemen the wife of the one and the intended of the other. The two gentlemen were admirably acted by Messrs. Leigh Murray and Keeley.

A very amusing farce, called *A Game of Roms*, has been produced at the Princess's. This, too, is from the French, the name of the original being *Les Jeux Innocens*, a piece in verse by M. Fouscier, and first brought out at the Gymnase in 1853. Mr. J. M. Morton has adapted it for the English stage in his usual lively and telling manner. The *Game of Roms* explains itself. A parcel of young ladies and a merry young gentleman, staying at the house of a staid, prim old Marchioness, during her absence get up a game at forfeits and blind-man's-buff, having first prevailed upon old Dr. Rhododendron, to whom the Marchioness has delegated the watch and ordering of the young folk, to join in their sports. It has fallen to the chance of the doctor to be blindfolded, at the moment of the sudden return of the Marchioness, whom he, groping for a victim, seizes with unusual vigour round the waist and proclaims as his substitute. This is the climax of the piece, which does not tell the less because Mr. Harley plays Dr. Rhododendron, and Mrs. Winstanley the Marchioness. Of course there is a love episode, in which the old lady is foiled, and sundry juveniles made happy. The four young ladies too—Miss Leclercq, Miss Heath, Miss Murray and Miss Terman are the very pinks of fresh looks and becoming costumes. They smile upon the farce, and the audience smile upon them—Happy author!

MISS GLYN is performing to crowded audiences at the Royal Standard Theatre. The part of Cleopatra, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, was selected for her debut. The tragedian has taken the East Londoners by storm. Mr. Henry Marston, in Marc Antony, is also in great favour.

The Winter's Tale has been produced at the Marylebone, in first-rate style as regards dresses, scenery, and decorations, and continues to draw crowded audiences. The cast includes the whole strength of the company. Mrs. W. Wallack's Hermione is an effective and striking performance.

MR. PHELPS has revived *Rob Roy* at Sadlers' Wells, and performs the part of Baillie Nicol Jarvie in place of the Highland Cateran, one of his most popular assumptions. We can hardly compliment Mr. Phelps on the change: his Rob Roy had merit, but his new character is an entire mistake. In London, however, where the Scotch character is little understood, the Baillie (like Shakspeare's Bottom) may be represented as far as possible from what the author intended, and pass muster with the critics as well as the public. Liston's performance, a mere caricature, was lauded, some years ago, by all London, while Mackay, whom Scott himself acknowledged to have realized his creation in every respect, was quite unsuccessful on his first and only appearance on the London stage. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Mr. Phelps, who is a favourite in the precincts of Islington and Pentonville, but who is totally mistaken in his reading of the character of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, should be applauded by those who are unable to distinguish between Scotch and not Scotch.

We have seldom had to chronicle the production of so many new pieces at the theatre, in one week. At the Lyceum on Thursday, a one act piece, called *The Cozy Couple*, was brought out with much success. The acting is confined to Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, and is as perfect of its kind as any we have seen for some time. A married couple, who have lived for years together calm and unruffled, have their domestic quietude broken in upon by an old friend of the husband's. After a short time the newcomer turns the household topsy-turvy, and persuades the husband that he must throw off the conubial shackles, and start with him for the Continent. The poor wife beholds the paradise of her home fading before her eyes, but makes no murmur; whereupon the friend, seeing this, grows sorry, and immediately desires to bring back the truant spouse to his lawful allegiance. In the end he succeeds, and sets himself down with the cozy couple to domesticate at their hearth. No explanation could do justice to this admirable little picture of simple life, which must be seen to be appreciated.

MAD. UGALDE has re-made a great hit at the Opéra-Comique, in her old part of Virginie, in the *Caid* of M. Thomas. The other parts were filled by Mad. Decroix; MM. Ponchard, Sainte-Foy, and Nathan. A new operetta, in one act, the music by the Prince de Moscowa, the libretto by M. Leuven, entitled *Yvonne*, is in active preparation.—(Extract from a private letter.)

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ will arrive in London in the first week in May, in order to conduct some of the New Philharmonic Society's concerts, and produce, at one of them, his new work, *L'Enfance du Christ*, which has been so successful in Paris and Germany.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S LECTURES.—The encouragement which Mr. Charles Salaman met with when he delivered his interesting course of two lectures on the history of the Piano-forte, some weeks since, at the room of the Literary Institution, in Edward-street, naturally induced him to come before the public again; and he accordingly commenced a second course at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening, in presence of a full and fashionable audience. Of these lectures we spoke at length, on the occasion of their first delivery at the rooms in Edward-street. They improve on repetition. They are not only amusing, but instructive. Mr. Salaman, who has read deeply, and thought seriously on this subject, brings enthusiasm to his task. The lectures have been improved since they were first read, and several new features have been added. The curious old virginal, mentioned in the *Musical World* of last week, was produced on Thursday evening, and attracted much attention. Some spinets, too, and virginals of rare antiquity, not exhibited at the first lectures, were now shown. Mr. Salaman illustrated the various periods with performances on the spinet, virginal, and harpsichord, all of which were received with loud applause. The second lecture—more immediately relating to the history and rise of the piano-forte—is announced for next week.

MAD. BOSIO has signed an engagement with the Opera at St. Petersburg for next season. Russia has been disputing for a long time with France the possession of this eminent *cantatrice*, and a few days ago we hoped to have retained her; but Russian gold has triumphed, and the *artiste* whom Paris loved so much has finished by enlisting herself in the army of General Guddénoff. The terms of her engagement are 100,000 francs for four months, and a guaranteed benefit of 15,000 more, with permission to sing at private *soirées* and concerts.—*Messenger des Théâtres et des Arts*.

MR. HARRIS, the stage-manager of the Royal Italian Opera, is in Paris, actively employed in getting ready the costumes, etc., for the *L'Etoile du Nord*, which is to be produced with great splendour. The principal parts will be sustained by Formes, Lablache, Lucchesi, Gardoni, Tagliafico, Zelger, Polonini, Mad. Bosio, and Mdlle. Marai. The two *Vivandières* will be given to competent singers, and the War Song of Ismailoff is entrusted to a first tenor. Two new pieces have been expressly written by M. Meyerbeer for Lablache and Gardoni.—*Messenger des Théâtres et des Arts*.

ERRATA.—In our notice of the Harmonic Union, last week, the name of Mrs. Sims Reeves was inadvertently printed for that of Mad. Weiss, who, both in the *Lobgesang* and in the *Stabat Mater*, was entrusted with the principal soprano part.—In the short paragraph about the last performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, it should have been stated that Mr. Herbert undertook the tenor part in the oratorio of *St. Paul*, in the place of Mr. Sims Reeves.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

TO PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS and MUSIC PUBLISHERS.—A Gentleman (32 years of age) living in the provinces, a good amateur musician, and acquainted with the retail music trade, is desirous of engaging with a respectable Piano-forte Manufacturer or Music Publisher, as OCCASIONAL TRAVELLER. The advertiser is respectably connected, and can give unexceptionable references; and is so situated that he can engage to travel for six or three months, or even a shorter period in each year. Communications addressed A. B., care of Mr. Jones, Bookseller, 10, Paternoster-row, will be duly forwarded.

THE Celebrated BRIGHTON GERMAN BAND, consisting of fourteen first-rate Performers, having been playing in the Royal Pavilion these two years, are now open to engagements for concert rooms or public gardens. Terms moderate. Apply to C. Burek, 33, Devonshire-street, Brighton.

MISS FANNY HUDDART begs respectfully to announce that (her engagement in Scotland terminating the latter end of the present month) she will return to town for the season on the 22nd of April. 6, Bessborough-street, Piccadilly.

MR. and MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to announce that they have removed to 181a, Oxford-street.

MADLLE RITA FAVANTI has returned from the Continent. All letters or communications to be addressed to her residence, 13, Baker-street, Portman-square.

SCARBOROUGH SPA SALOON PROMENADE.

THE CLIFF BRIDGE COMPANY are prepared to receive tenders for the supply of an efficient Band for the ensuing season. The terms of the engagement may be had on application to the secretary, to whom sealed tenders must be sent on or before the 31st March instant.—By Order, ROBERT WANN, Secretary. Scarborough, March 6th, 1855.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Conductor, Mr.

FRANK MOSE; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, Remusat, Lovell Phillips, Prospero, Mount, Mann, Clon, Zeila, Telbecque, Nadand, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Craner, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

EXETER HALL.—MR. GEORGE CASE begs respectfully to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the above hall on Wednesday Evening, April 11. Engagements are pending with all the most distinguished vocal and instrumental performers. Further particulars will be duly announced.—28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. WM. STERNDALE BENNETT respectfully

announces that the SECOND and THIRD of his ANNUAL SERIES of PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC this season will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday Evening, April 3 and May 1. Single tickets, 10s. 6d. (to subscribers, 7s.), to be had of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square; of Messrs. Leaver and Cuck, 63, New Bond-street; and of the principal music-sellers.

IMMANUEL.—Under the immediate patronage of Her

Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family.—This Oratorio will be performed at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday Evening, March 29, for the benefit of The Home for Gentlewomen. Principal singers:—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Amy Dolby, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. Tickets, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d., are to be had at Julian and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street.

PROGRAMME OF MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S

First Evening Performance of Classical Piano-forte Music, on Friday, March 23rd, to commence at eight o'clock. Part First: Sonata, Op. 61, F sharp minor (Harmonic Elegy)—Piano-forte, Mons. A. Billet (Dussek); Prelude and fugue, B flat—Piano-forte, Mons. Billet (Mendelssohn); Chant, "O quam tristis," from "Stabat Mater"—Miss Palmer (Haydn); Nocturne, C minor—Piano-forte, Mons. Billet (Chopin); Rondo, "La Gaité," E flat—Piano-forte, Mons. Billet (Weber). Part Second: Sonata, C, Op. 65—Piano-forte, Mons. Billet (Beethoven); Song, "Oh would I were you silver moonbeam"—Miss Palmer (E. Silas); Quatuor des Furieuses varié—Piano-forte, Mons. Billet (A. Billet); Le réveil des Fées—Piano-forte, Mons. Billet (Prudent). The Second Performance on Friday, March 29th. Tickets, 2s. and 4s.; reserved seats, 7s.; subscription to numbered reserved seats for the series of three performances, One Guinea. May be had of Mons. Alexandre Billet, 12, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, and at St. Martin's Hall.

MR. ALFRED MELLON respectfully announces that

the First Grand Orchestral Union Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Monday Evening, April 2nd. Vocalists, Madame Clara Novello and Herr Formes. Soloist, M. Sainton (violinist to Her Majesty). Stalls 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats 5s.; Galleries 2s. 6d.; Area 1s. Stalls and Reserved Seats to be had at Messrs. Craner and Beale, 201, Regent-street. Gallery and Area Tickets at St. Martin's Hall.

MR. C. SALAMAN'S Second Musical Lecture "On the

Invention and Development of the Piano-forte," illustrated by Diagrams, and performances on a Double Harpsichord and Piano-forte, on Tuesday Evening, the 27th, at the Hanover-square Rooms. Tickets 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

—The Second Grand Performance will take place on Wednesday, March 23rd, under the special Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the proceeds to be given in aid of the fund of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Programme—Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, Mendelssohn's Concerto in D, Weber's Overtures "Oberon" and "Ruler of the Spirits," selections from "Comus" (U. E. Horley), Part song (Reissiger), Chorus of 300 Voice-s. Vocalists—Madame Anna Thillon, Miss Stabach, Violin—Herr Ernst. Piano-forte—Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Conductor—Dr. Wyld. Stall Tickets, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, West Gallery, 10s. 6d.; may be had at Messrs. Craner, Beale, and Co.; Messrs. Keith, Frowe, and Co.; and at St. Mary's Hospital. Subscription to the Society, £2 2s.; West Gallery, £1 is Subscribers now joining will receive Two Tickets to make up the number of Six Admissions to which they are entitled for their subscription.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor, Mr. Costa. On Friday next, March 23rd, MENDELSSOHN'S "LOBGESANG" and MOZART'S "REQUEM." Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. On Wednesday, April 4th, HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes, Trumpet—Mr. Harper. On Friday, April 13th, MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH." The Orchestra as usual, will consist of nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s. 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, may be secured for these performances, at the Society's sole Office, No. 6 Room, within Exeter Hall. Applications by letter must be accompanied by a remittance of the amount; if by Post Office Order, made payable to Robert Bowley, at Charing-cross Office.

I. and I. ERAT, Patent Harp Manufacturers, 23, Berners-street, Oxford-street, beg to inform the nobility, gentry, and the public, that they are now manufacturing a light and elegant small-sized DOUBBLE MOVEMENT HARP, strongly recommended by the professional world, for the use of young ladies and those of delicate health, the large harp being found much too heavy for general practice. A large assortment of harps and pianofortes for sale or hire on moderate terms. Harps and pianos taken in exchange. Repairs of all kinds executed. The suspension sounding board, as invented by I. and I. Erat for N. C. Bochsa; see his "First Six Weeks' Instruction for the Harp." Tunings attended to. Strings and every requisite always on hand.

GOTHIC HARPS, Double-action, with every improvement on Erard's principle, warranted for any period, from 50 Guineas. H. Haerneck, Harp Maker, 35, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Harps repaired, re-decorated, strung, and regulated at moderate prices. N.B.—23 years experience in Harps.

ITALIAN VIOLIN STRINGS.—Messrs. BOOSEY AND SONS beg to inform the amateurs and professors of the above instrument, that they constantly receive consignments of the best Italian Strings from the first makers in Padua and Naples. The prices per bundle, &c., may be had at 28, Holles-street.

THE CHEAPEST CONCERTINA.—Messrs. BOOSEY AND SONS beg to state that Case's Four-Guinea Concertina is sold at a trifle above the cost price; for the express purpose of superseding the worthless instruments called the German Concertina, which, from having but half the proper number of notes, is thoroughly useless in a musical sense. Case's Four-Guinea Concertina has double action and full compass, and is a perfect concert instrument. A Post Office Order for Four Guineas will ensure the delivery of one in any part of England. Case's Concertinas may also be had of every quality and price, from £4 4s. to £12 12s. each. Instruments exchanged and let on hire. Boosey and Sons' Musical Instrument Warehouse, 28, Holles-street.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A CERTAIN REMEDY for disorders of the Pulmonary Organs—in difficulty of Breathing—in Redundancy of Phlegm—in Incipient Consumption (of which Cough is the most positive indication) they are of unerring efficacy. In Asthma, and in Winter Cough, they have never been known to fail.

Keating's Cough Lozenges are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken at all times, by the most delicate female and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and the Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation. Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 14d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. The Testimonials of their efficacy are too numerous for publication.

IMPORTANT TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

St Paul's Cathedral, 30th Nov., 1849.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of Croup. I think they would be very useful to Clergymen, Barristers, and Public Orators.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar Choral.

To Mr. Keating.

ALBINOL'S OINTMENT having been forwarded by the Army Medical Board to the Hospital at Scutari, the Proprietor of this invaluable discovery having been severely wounded, and cured with this ointment 48 years ago, at the battle of Jena, will present every soldier going to the seat of war with a box to dress his wounds or sores, as a token of sympathy for his sufferings.—Apply, 29, Marylebone-street, Regent-street.

In Pots, duty included, 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. On the 22nd November, I delivered eight large tin boxes, containing together 200lbs., to Dr. Andrew Smith, Director to the Army Medical Board, to send them to the Army in the Crimea.

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CONTENTS:

1. An Almanack, with musical data.
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3. The Musical Doings of the past year.
4. Complete List of Music published throughout the Kingdom between 1st of January and 31st December, 1854.
5. Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the Kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.

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Hark to the joy-bells! their voices, how sweet,
Waft the glad strain which the echoes repeat;
While in the grove the birds pipe in their song—
"Blest is the Bride (whom) the sun shines upon."
Dress'd all in white at the church we'll appear,
Smiling and bright, yet inclined to a tear.
Tho' some sad thoughts may our bosoms employ,
Oh! happy we for our sweet sister's joy!
When home return'd all the day we'll rejoice,
Treading the dance, or awaking the voice,
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